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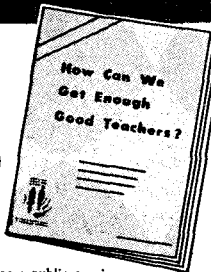
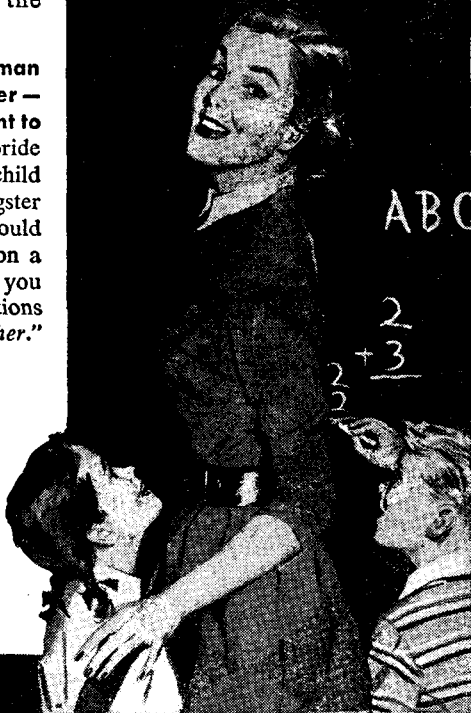
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U. S. TREASURY



1933, makes it illegal for the Treasury to pay out gold to U. S. citizens. The Treasury cannot refuse other countries, except enemy countries. Does that mean the United States Government is at war with its own citizens?

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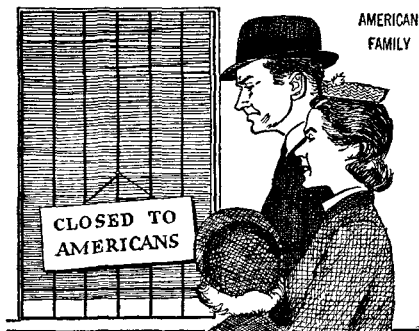
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I urge you to give this your consideration. You will want to discuss it with others, not excluding public officials and candidates for office. I invite you to write to me, too, whether it is about

U. S. TREASURY

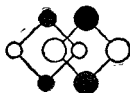


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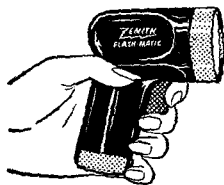
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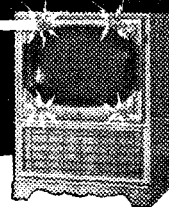
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Published monthly by the American Mercury Magazine, Inc. at 35 cents a copy. Annual subscription \$4.00 in U. S. and possessions; \$4.50 in Canada; \$5.00 in all other countries. Publication office, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H., Editorial and General Offices, 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Printed in the U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., September 29, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1955 by American Mercury Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. Protected under International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. No articles may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission. Not responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Reuther's ★ REVOLUTION ★

By J. B. Matthews

GAW IS A foredoomed economic illusion, certain to be dispelled sooner or later, so far as the wage earners of the UAW are concerned. In the meantime, however, the Guaranteed Annual Wage is a pleasing and profitable political reality for Walter Reuther, the president of the United Automobile Workers, CIO.

Any general wage increase throughout industry which is not based upon increased productivity is an economic mirage which lures the thirsting wage earner into the desert of inflation. GAW is just one more of the economic fallacies of socialism, the brunt of which must be borne by the poor socialist stiff while the rewards of the fallacy accrue to their bosses, the socialist politicians.

All his adult life, Walter Reuther has been planning revolution. Only

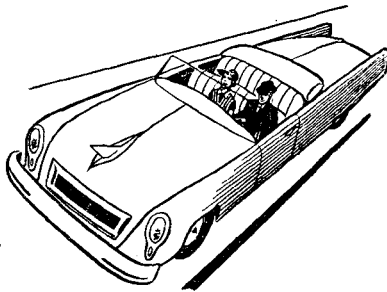
the forms and labels of his revolutionary plans have changed from time to time. First, last, and always he has been a left-wing politician.

Despite the efforts of his press agents — both the paid and the volunteer — the Reuther record of commitment to revolution is in the books where all who wish may read.

The New York Times has said, believe it or not, that Walter Reuther possesses a combination of “the most engaging qualities of Albert Einstein and Van Johnson.”

The *Saturday Evening Post* has likened this Einstein-Johnsonesque fellow to “an undissipated Prince of Wales.”

On December 16, 1949, one thousand self-styled liberals gathered in the Astor Hotel in New York to watch Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt pre-



sent Walter Reuther with a silver plaque and to listen to laudatory outbursts from Herbert Lehman, Maurice Tobin, Chester Bowles and others. Bowles averred that Walter Reuther is the sort of fellow who has "spearheaded the development of the American dream." Reuther himself announced to his assembled clique that the choice is not "between Wall Street and the Kremlin, Joe Stalin or Standard Oil, totalitarian communism or laissez-faire capitalism." What Reuther really meant was that *he* is the choice.

Harvard's Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who brain-trusts the ADA (Americans for Democratic Action), is one of those who overflow with admiration of Walter Reuther. In his book, *The Vital Center*, Schlesinger writes: "Walter Reuther, the extraordinarily able and intelligent leader of the United Auto Workers, may well become in another decade the most powerful man in American politics." Which obviously means President of the United States!

The central fact about Walter Reuther's career is, of course, that he was the rabble-rousing, driving force of the sit-down strikes of 1936-1937. Those sit-down strikes were the largest single insurrectionary defiance of law and order in the history of the United States, excepting only the Civil War.

First Phase: Early Socialist Training

Walter Philip Reuther was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, Sep-

tember 1, 1907, the son of Valentine Reuther.

Walter's grandfather, Jacob Reuther, was well known as a socialist, a militant pacifist, and a labor agitator. Jacob gave his sons a thorough indoctrination in socialism.

As a young man, Valentine Reuther moved to Wheeling where he became a steel worker, and then a teamster for a Wheeling brewery. Throughout Walter's childhood and youth, socialism was a lively topic of discussion in the Reuther home.

Walter quit high school in 1924 at the age of 16, and went to work for the Wheeling Steel Corporation as an apprentice tool and die maker, and at once plunged into unionism. In 1927, he was fired, and set out for Detroit to seek a job in the automotive industry. Walter's first job in Detroit was at the Briggs body plant. In a few weeks, he switched to Ford.

Walter had night work at Ford's, and so he took up his high school studies once more. In 1929, he entered the College of the City of Detroit (later renamed Wayne University).

In 1930, his brothers, Victor and Roy, went to Detroit and enrolled at Wayne University. All three became known as campus agitators. Continuing what was by then a Reuther tradition, the brothers harangued the Wayne students on socialism. In 1932, Walter brought a chapter of the League for Industrial Democracy to the Wayne campus.

When an effort was made to establish an ROTC on the Wayne campus, Walter and his brothers put their radical agitation into high gear. A Wayne professor who joined them was suspended from the faculty and was brought up on charges before the Detroit Board of Education. The Reuthers promptly organized a demonstration in behalf of the suspended faculty member. Their campaign was successful. The Wayne University authorities dropped the plan for an ROTC.

Second Phase: Reuther Goes to Russia

A few weeks after the 1932 election, Walter and Victor decided to abandon the formal education of Wayne University in favor of a less academic preparation for their messianic careers — namely, experience in the workers' paradise of the Soviet Union.

For years, Walter and Victor have tried to distort the facts of their travel to and stay within the Soviet Union. In this effort, they have had the assistance of a wide variety of writers. They have tried to make it appear that Walter and Victor simply went on a general world tour, covering more than a score of countries without any special interest in any one of them.

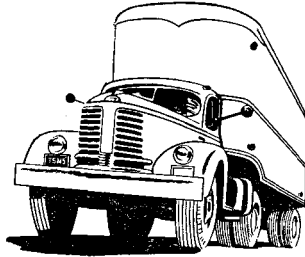
A press biographical service simply says that Walter "embarked on a world bicycle tour of Europe with his brother Victor, working in factories and studying union movements along the way." The Reuthers' trip abroad lasted from February, 1933, to October, 1935, or at least 32 months. Most of the period was spent in the Soviet Union, but there isn't a hint of that fact in the press biography.

Despite the wholesale distortions and false impressions, the fact is that the Reuther brothers embarked on an enthusiastic pilgrimage to the Soviet Union. That was their goal when they boarded ship in New York Harbor, in February, 1933. That was the goal they had achieved when they walked down the gangplank in San Francisco, in October, 1935.

By the beginning of 1934, Walter and Victor were in the Soviet Union at work in the large automobile plant at Gorky. They were writing letters to their friends in the United States, giving vent to unqualified enthusiasm over what they had found in the Soviet Union.

One letter to Melvin and Gladys Bishop has been widely quoted.

The Reuthers do not deny that they wrote a letter to the Bishops on or about January 21, 1934. Walter claims, however, that the printed



letter has been distorted. Both he and Victor decline to specify exactly where the distortions have been made. Walter's alibi is that the letter they wrote the Bishops was "a burst of adolescent enthusiasm," which amounts essentially to an admission of the letter's authenticity.

The letter reads, in part, as follows:

Dear Mel and Glad:

. . . the daily inspiration that is ours as we work side by side with our Russian comrades in our factory, the thought that we are actually helping to build a society that will forever end the exploitation of man by man, the thought that what we are building will be for the benefit and enjoyment of the working class, not only of Russia but the entire world, is the compensation we receive for our temporary absence from the struggle in the United States.

Mel, you know Wal and I were always strong for the Soviet Union. You know we were always ready to defend it against the lies of reactionaries. . . . Here are no bosses to drive fear into the workers.

. . . In all my life, Mel, I have never seen anything so inspiring. Mel, once a fellow has seen what is possible where workers gain power, he no longer fights just for an ideal, he fights for something which is real, something tangible.

Carry on the fight for a Soviet America.

VIC. and WAL.

There is no doubt about the authenticity of the "Vic and Wal" letter, despite the squirming of the

Reuther brothers over its circulation.

The record leaves no doubt that the Reuther brothers went to Russia as Marxists and came away even more so. The pretense that they went and "found out the ugly truth" for themselves is an afterthought dictated by their interests as political adventurers.

Third Phase:

Collaboration with Communists

Walter and Victor came back to Detroit from the Soviet Union in the fall of 1935, having spent at least 18 months in the Communist Utopia.

Shortly after Reuther's return from the Soviet Union, he addressed a meeting of the Young People's Socialist League. After lauding the Soviet Union with enthusiasm, he declared pompously: "We do not believe in God."

In the early days of the organizing of the automobile industry, the Communists set up what they called "the unity caucus." Sworn testimony before the Dies Committee incorporated the following memorandum:

There were present at this caucus Wyndham Mortimer, Ed Hall, Walter Reuther, and about 90 delegates to the convention who were actually Communist Party members. Also present were William Weinstone, Michigan secretary of the Communist Party; Jack Stachel, of New York, a member of the central com-

mittee of the Communist Party; Morris Childs, of Chicago, secretary of the Communist Party . . . Jack Johnstone, of Chicago, a member of the central committee . . . and Louis Budenz . . . a member of the staff of the *Daily Worker*.

Fourth Phase : Sit-down Strike Leader

Whatever happens to the Reuther ambitions along the way, he deserves a place in American history as the generalissimo of the sit-down strikes. His present position rests entirely upon those acts of violence in which he collaborated to the fullest with the Communist Party of the United States.

Shortly after his return from the Soviet Union, he joined the insignificant little union in the automotive industry. In practically no time, he had achieved the presidency of the West Side local of the auto union.

With a mere seventy-eight members in his local, half of whom were employed in the Kelsey-Hayes wheel plant, Reuther established his reputation for a fantastic boldness by introducing the sit-down strike to Detroit. This unlawful seizure of property was an importation from France where the Communists of that country had shown how it could be used for "collective bludgeoning" wherever government was palsied in the face of Communist violence.

Reuther called a meeting of fifteen reliable UAW goons who were employed at the Kelsey-Hayes plant. With a callousness toward moral

considerations, this man who has received wide acclaim in religious circles recalls unblushingly how the plot was hatched at this meeting in his home. He says: "We needed something dramatic. We had a big Polish gal at the meeting who had fainted on the assembly line once before. We assigned her to faint again, and showed her how to do it. That was to be the signal. When she fainted, someone else was to shut down the assembly line. We trained a couple of men in pulling the right switches."

Everything went according to schedule. The Polish gal fainted; the switches were pulled. Kelsey-Hayes employees who had attended the plotting session at Reuther's home began to yell, "Strike! Strike!"

To make a long story short, Walter Reuther and his brother, Victor, engineered a ten-day sit-down seizure of the Kelsey-Hayes plant, and their union membership grew from seventy-eight to thirty thousand.

Fifth Phase : UAW Presidency

Walter Reuther became president of the UAW in March, 1946. The achievement of this milestone in the Reuther career was most significant.

Walter's victory over R. J. Thomas was tenuous, indeed. The vote was 4,444 for Reuther and 4,320 for Thomas. This smallest of majorities catapulted Walter toward his ultimate goal.

During the debate which preceded the balloting at the 1946

UAW convention, Reuther revealed something of the measure of his demagoguery. It should be remembered that Reuther's long and costly 1945-1946 strike against General Motors came to an end the week before the UAW convention. In the course of that strike, Reuther in true demagogic fashion harangued the American public with the contention that General Motors' "ability to pay" was a fundamental issue in his demand for a thirty percent wage increase. In connection with this alleged issue, Reuther introduced the novel labor union demand that he be allowed to "look at the company's books." Attacking Reuther's conduct of the GM strike, R. J. Thomas chided him about his "ability to pay" formula and his "look at the company's books" demand. Walter Reuther's amazing retort which did much to plumb the depths of his hypocrisy was that Thomas knew that his demand to see GM's books was "just a maneuver" calculated to "get the company over a barrel."

Even more significant in its revelation of Reuther's hypocrisy was his statement to the UAW convention immediately after his elevation to the union's presidency. Thousands of UAW members and many more thousands of the American public had been led by Reuther to believe that the major issue in his election contest with R. J. Thomas was Communism. Reuther had ranted up and down the ranks of the UAW

with patriotic-sounding attacks upon the Communists in the union. The acknowledged leader of the so-called Communist faction in the UAW was George Addes, the union's secretary-treasurer. It was assumed on all sides that Reuther would, in the event of his election, proceed at once to the business of ousting Addes from his strategic position in the union. How else could the Communists be purged from the UAW? Addes was the symbol of Communist domination.

Imagine the shock, therefore, when Walter Reuther stood up and faced the convention, immediately after the voting, and said: "I want now to extend my hand to George Addes . . . and tell him that together we can unite this organization." Addes and his Communists refused Reuther's "extended hand."

Immediately after his election to the UAW presidency in 1946, the New York *Herald Tribune* editorially described Walter Reuther as a "dangerous and disingenuous opportunist" and a "reckless politician" and commented upon his "aggressive demagoguery." The aptness of these phrases cannot be questioned.

Sixth Phase: Building Political Fences

Rightly, we should speak of Walter Philip Reuther, LL.D. He is, in fact, a Doctor of Laws. This degree was conferred on Reuther, May 30, 1948, by (Catholic) St. Mary's College, Moraga, California.

The Catholic weekly, *Commonweal*, has joined the parade of Reuther adulators. A lengthy article in that paper was subtitled "a man you can bet on."

Commonweal also falls for the Reuther propagandistic line about that stay of Walter and Victor in the Soviet Union. The paper says: "Then came the year in Russia, during which he [Walter] and Victor taught tool-making to Russian workers, studied the Soviet System from the inside and decided they didn't want that kind of socialism."

Lest anyone draw the rash conclusion that certain Catholics have been singled out for attack because of their moral astigmatism in the matter of Walter Reuther, let it be noted with emphasis that the standing of this socialist labor politician is equally high in Protestant officialdom. In the *National Council Outlook*, official organ of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. (October, 1954, page 21), Walter Reuther is pictured in the pose of handing a check for \$200,000 to Methodist Bishop William C. Martin, then president of the National Council of Churches, "to help finance the Council's educational program in the area of the church and economic life."

This was not bad publicity for one aspiring to the Presidency of the United States. If Adlai Stevenson were pictured in the same magazine in the act of handing a check for

\$200,000 to the highest official in American Protestantism, the odor would be distinct in the most insensitive nostrils.

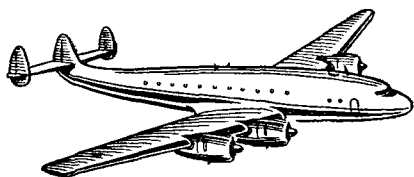
Walter Reuther addressed the third annual convention of the United World Federalists in Cleveland in October, 1949.

World Government News, monthly magazine of the UWF, featured Reuther's appearance at this convention of crackpots, quoting an excerpt from his speech and publishing his picture. Said Reuther to the World Federalists: "I do believe that the work you people have been doing is the beginning of something that has tremendous importance in the world." On May 22, 1955 Walter Reuther was elected vice-president of United World Federalists.

Reuther has seized every opportunity to keep his name before the public. In season and out of season, he comes up with a "Reuther Plan." All of these "Reuther Plans" have one thing in common: they call for greater and greater government control over all the aspects of our economic life. He is by all odds the country's foremost national socialist. He has demonstrated that he is not in the slightest averse to the use of illegal and violent methods to achieve his ends. He has never repudiated the violence and terror of his sit-down strikes. Lacking such repudiation, his current disavowal of Communist sympathies is not worth the breath required to announce it.

WILDEST *of the* EARLY BIRDS

By
GEORGE CARROLL



BAD BOY of Aviation, they finally began tagging him, and it clung to him the rest of his life, even into his obituaries.

Undoubtedly Bert Acosta flew high, wide and handsome in more ways than down the runway. But in those days a lot of other fellows were flapping around on one wing or less, figuratively speaking, and they didn't even have a license to fly. It was Prohibition time.

Fame first touched Acosta during the tonsil-tormented '20's of the "noble experiment" and it may well be that he did more than his share of refueling in speakeasies instead of on the ramp. If so, he'd have been the last man in the world to deny it.

"Scratch it on a cake of ice and stick it in the oven," Bert had a habit of telling the bartenders when funds were short and he had to operate on credit.

Eventually the credit ran dry in a lot of places. The years rolled on, Repeal followed Prohibition, and it got to be tough going for Bert what with domestic woes, ill health and his own rash mode of living.

Forgotten by all but his immediate family and a few faithful friends, he was picked up off the street to finish out his days in the charity ward of a TB hospital. He was 59 when he died September 1, 1954.

You don't need to tell the ones who stuck by Acosta (people like Jimmy Doolittle, Admiral Byrd, Gene Tunney, General George Kenney, Vincent Burnelli and George Noville) that Bert was an authentic giant of our early flying days. They knew it all along. As the saying went, he could put wings on a barn door and make it fly.

It may come as a surprise to others, however, to learn the really enormous debt aviation owes its so-called Bad Boy, and you and I owe him every time we get into a scheduled airliner or post an airmail letter.

Yes, every supersonic flier flashing through the skies today owes something to Acosta, for he was the first man to nudge 200 miles an hour, a dizzy velocity 'way back in 1921. You and I can cruise comfortably now as ordinary passengers on the airlines at 365.

And how about the safe and sober-sided airline pilot who nonstops across the Atlantic between New York and London in less than a dozen hours? He, too, stands heavily in debt to Acosta.

As pilot of the then Commander Richard Byrd's Fokker, *America*, in 1927, Acosta became the first man to fly a transport-type plane across the Atlantic Ocean. He thus opened the door to a new means of long-distance mass transportation. In 1954, the airline share of overseas and international travel from the United States reached an all-time high of 68 percent.

As far as that goes, every person who rides an American-built transport here or abroad (and U.S.-built passenger liners dominate the world's airlines) should hold Acosta's memory in respect.

It was he who first demonstrated in the Western Hemisphere the all-metal parent of the skyliners we know in 1955, the German-manufactured Junkers.

United States planemakers thereupon seized the leadership in commercial transports and never since have lost it. Some 85 percent of all air travelers come and go on magic carpets that bear the American brand.

Acosta demonstrated the Junkers in 1919, the same year he made the first airmail survey of the United States. In a flying tour that lasted two months, he put down at about 60 of the nation's principal cities

and nobody can estimate how much he did thereby to foster the practical coming of the Air Age.

The next year he was taking up on its maiden flight an airliner of modern proportions, one that could accommodate about thrice the Junkers' capacity, or 30 riders. It was the Burnelli RB-1 incorporating the lifting body, or flying-wing design.

Again, in 1921, he held the controls of a Fokker on its original flight in the United States. The United States Army used one two years later to nonstop coast-to-coast for the first time. It took 27 hours!

Acosta built and flew his first airplane as a lad of 14 in San Diego, California, where he was born of parentage chiefly Irish and Spanish in blood line. When Glenn H. Curtiss opened an aviation school on San Diego's North Island, young Acosta hung around until Curtiss put him to work and eventually found that he had acquired a first-rate flight instructor. Bert won his pilot's license in 1912 when he was 17 and this country owned less than a dozen military airplanes.

When World War I broke out, Curtiss sent his young protégé to Toronto as a trainer of cadets for the Royal Flying Corps and Royal Naval Air Service. The Dominion made Acosta its chief aeronautical instructor.

There, with his Curtiss Jennies, he trained such immortals as Captain Roy Brown, who was to down the

greatest of all German aces — Baron Manfred von Richthofen, the Red Knight; and Captain Billy Bishop, who ran up a string of 72 victories to lead the list of Canadian aces.

When this country entered the war, the strapping, black-haired Acosta was summoned home by request of the Aviation Section, U.S. Signal Corps, to instruct at Hazelhurst Field, Long Island.

Acosta became a test pilot when the war was over, trying out our first multi-engined bombers and an endless line of fighter planes up to the 350-mile-an-hour class. From these grew our massive fleets of World War II B-17 Flying Forts and B-29 Superforts, our swift P-47 Thunderbolts and P-51 Mustangs, that combined to put the enemy out of action.

On November 3, 1921, at Omaha, Nebraska — which is now the headquarters for our Strategic Air Command under General Curt LeMay — Acosta entered and won the 150-mile Pulitzer Race. He averaged 177 miles an hour to draw down a handsome trophy. It was one of many, together with cups and medals, that were to come his way, but, somehow, during the lean years most of them got away from him.

"A complete stranger tried to sell me one back for \$650," chuckled Bert when last we met. "Naturally I didn't have \$6.50 let alone \$650, even if the deal had interested me. How he got hold of it in the first place I'll never know."

IN THE SPRING of 1927, Acosta and Clarence Chamberlin set an endurance record of 51 hours in a Bellanca, with a Wright Whirlwind engine, called the *Columbia*. Had not his plans miscarried, Bert might have soloed the Atlantic in it ahead of Lindbergh and his *Spirit of St. Louis*.

Vincent Burnelli, whose Fifth Avenue office became a sort of unofficial headquarters for Acosta in his declining era, tells it this way:

"The 51-hour endurance record proved the ship could cross the ocean with fuel to spare. Charlie Levine, the fellow they nicknamed the Flying Junkman, bought the *Columbia* after Bert taught him to fly. The idea was for Bert to attempt a solo, trans-Atlantic flight until, all of a sudden, Charlie decided he was going along, too. Bert insisted on extra gas instead of a passenger. But it was Charlie's ship and he had the last say. Bert quit to go with Byrd, and Levine and Chamberlin later flew the ocean in the *Columbia*."

Charles Lindbergh already had conquered the Atlantic single-handed by June 29, 1927, the day Acosta lifted Byrd's tri-motored *America* off Roosevelt Field, Long Island, whence Lindbergh, too, had left. The Byrd flight ended 4,200 miles later in the sea off the French coast. Aboard, besides Byrd, as navigator, and Acosta, were Bernt Balchen, co-pilot, and George Noville, flight engineer. All made shore safely in

Europe, slightly on the damp side.

The anecdotes that the Early Birds and Quiet Birdmen retell about Acosta are both fabulous and legion. Perhaps the one most frequently repeated concerns an evening in 1926 when he and Lloyd Bertaud differed about the time of day — or night. Bertaud was pilot for Phil Payne, the tabloid editor lost in an effort to fly the Atlantic.

"Wait here and I'll find out who's right," Acosta said, as he hopped into an airplane at Curtiss Field, Long Island, and zoomed off an unlit runway in an unlit aircraft, bound for Manhattan.

Approaching the illuminated clock tower of the Metropolitan Life Building, Acosta dived down close enough to read the hour and set his watch.

"It's 11:15!" he yelled at Bertaud after roaring back into Curtiss, bat blind.

Once, at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, where one of his ground-bound cronies ran a roadhouse, he landed in its backyard to pick up a case of needed beer. Bert found it a tighter fit than he anticipated but he made it inside the hedges. Since his last visit, the roadhouse keeper had re-landscaped the place. They had to take the airplane apart to get it out.

The early Birds still speak in awe of the mock dogfight Acosta and one "Jap" Pierson — a World War I pilot who, was later killed

testing Curtiss Hawks — put on after a few drinks one afternoon in 1925 at Curtiss Field. Acosta had challenged Jap:

"I could knock you out of the sky with a sack full of oranges."

"Yeah," said Jap, "well, I can drive you out of there in a two-place job to your single-seater."

Setting down their glasses, the pair made for the flight line where Jap buckled himself into a two-place Avro and Bert took a single-place Nieuport.

At an agreed altitude of 2,000 feet, the two pilots "opened fire" even though Acosta had neglected to bring his ammunition, the bag of oranges.

Witnesses say that section of the Long Island heavens never before, and probably never since, had seen such madcap dueling. It ended when Acosta crowded the luckless Jap so close to earth that one of his wingtips flicked the ground. The Avro cartwheeled into a mass of wreckage.

Acosta's Nieuport, seized in the vortex of Jap's propwash, smashed in behind him. Onlookers, already making mental preparations for a double funeral, were astounded to see the pair of them creep out of the debris, bunged up only slightly and chiefly interested in a reviving drink.

SAYS Burnelli: "I've seen Bert fly a plane so small, the Baby Mum-mert, he had to take his shoes off to get in. He'd fly that around a while, then put his shoes back on

and fly my big, thirty-passenger ship. He had a born instinct for flying just like a great violinist or pianist has for his instrument.

"When I met him first in 1916, he didn't drink at all. He was the model man himself. Troubles that came subsequently started him off. Bert was part Indian, you know, and the pride of both Spaniard and Indian was in him. I guess that was his weakness, he was too proud ever to defend himself against such haywire rumors as one that he had a bottle of brandy along on the Byrd flight and Byrd had to knock him out with a fire extinguisher. Here's what George Noville says of that one: 'Not a word of truth in it.'"

The last time Acosta is known to have flown an airplane was in Texas in 1946, and he last made a public appearance at a farewell dinner for the late General "Hap" Arnold upon his retirement as Air Force Chief.

Not long after, a newspaper squib told how Bert was living up the Hudson at Garrison, New York, with the Catholic Fathers of the Atonement, who conduct St. Christopher's Inn for homeless men at their monastery, Graymoor. There, so friends relate, he worked in the carpenter shop and sang in the friars' guest choir and lived happily for a time — all too short.

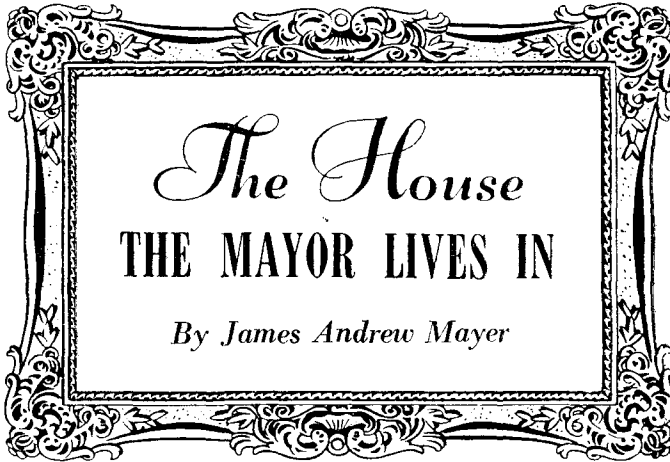
AROUND eleven o'clock of a rainy morning toward Christmas, 1951, Burnelli got a phone call. Acosta had been found on the side-

walk near Grand Central Terminal. He had managed to mumble Burnelli's name before being carried into the Press Box Restaurant in the East Forties.

Burnelli hastened there. With Freddie Benham of the Circus Saints and Sinners, another friend of Bert's, and the manager of the Press Box, Burnelli got Acosta to Harlem Hospital where one of the staff is a World War I comrade of Gene Tunney's. That was the beginning of the end. A great flier was crumbling, and arrangements were made for Acosta to go to the Jewish Relief Society Sanitarium, Denver.

Faithful George Noville flew up from California a day or two before Acosta died. He found his old friend a 75-pound shadow of his once brawny self. Bert knew his final takeoff was at hand and had a last request which was duly fulfilled. Acosta asked that his ashes be scattered over the Pacific off the California coastline.

It was the conquest of another ocean, the Atlantic, that brought him his greatest adulation and a ticker tape parade up Broadway for the crew of the ocean-hopping *America*. Yet the plaudits of those faraway crowds must have had a hollow echo for the beaten old fellow in the Denver charity ward, for he did not speak of them. His mind seemed turning, rather, to the Pacific along whose shore he first took an airplane up to taste the joys of flight and the serenity of sunset skies.



NEW YORKERS, probably the world's most cynical urban cliff-dwellers, pay little attention to the fact that their Mayor lives in one of the oldest, most elegant and certainly most controversial houses in the United States.

Ever since September 15, 1776, when British warships trained their guns on the magnificent home overlooking the East River, Gracie Mansion has been under fire, albeit fighting has, since then, been verbal. The sixteen-inch cannonballs of the English invaders long have turned to rust, but not the arguments over the mansion's fate.

The career of Gracie Mansion covers almost three centuries, dating back to 1760 when Jacob Walton purchased the site overlooking Hell Gate. The city's chief executive figured in the web of fate even then, for Walton erected the house for his

young bride, daughter of the Mayor.

Sixteen years later, American troops appropriated both the grounds and the mansion, building a fort with nine guns on the grounds. British guns reduced both house and fort to rubble and the Redcoats occupied the area until the end of the war. In 1799, Archibald Gracie purchased the site and re-built the two-story structure with the broad porticoes and spacious rooms that soon became a center of early-day Manhattan social activities.

Gracie Mansion then led a peaceful existence for a century and became part of East End Park, later renamed Carl Schurz Park in honor of the Civil War general. In 1927, it was turned into a city museum and was fitted with furniture, paintings and early Americana by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of the City of New York

and the Brooklyn Museum. The Park Department modernized the timber building with up-to-date plumbing, lighting and other conveniences.

AS A MUSEUM, Gracie Mansion was a flop. Millions of natives stayed away in droves and the tourists evidenced little interest in this authentic throwback to Colonial times. So the mansion crept more and more into oblivion until 1942, when Fiorello H. LaGuardia decided to make it his permanent White House.

Mayor LaGuardia had a knack of stirring up controversies and he didn't fail in this instance. Within a few days, long-neglected Gracie Mansion was back on page one. The Citizens' Union, a group of taxpayers, promptly howled that such use of the historic building would curtail public use of Carl Schurz Park. After this sturdy defense of the public interest, the Citizens' Union got down to cases: such an elegant home for the Mayor would also result in another bite on the taxpayer.

As usual, the Mayor got his way. One City Hall correspondent unearthed the fact that LaGuardia wanted a White House in keeping with the one then occupied by Mr. Roosevelt in Washington. The house that once had resounded to the voices of Alexander Hamilton, John Quincy Adams and DeWitt Clinton became the Mayor's official home in 1942 and has been the in-residence

domicile for the city's top man ever since.

When the LaGuardia family moved in, a local poet was inspired to publicly proclaim in the *Herald-Tribune*:

A residence
Since Presidents
Wore knee breeches of satin;
The right house
For the White House
Of the Mayor of Old Manhattan.

This enthusiasm was by no means spontaneous. The remodeling cost of \$100,000 was deplored and even before the Mayor had a housewarming, economy-minded groups were protesting the erection of an iron fence around the Little White House over Hell Gate. Some patriotic citizens pointed out that the iron used in the 400 feet of fence might more properly have been used for the war effort. Whereupon Park Commissioner Robert Moses, who charges like a medieval knight with lance a-tilt when any historic relic is under criticism, responded with a loud "Bosh," adding the iron fence had been haughtily turned down by Washington.

Oddly enough, LaGuardia himself didn't seem too pleased with his choice of a home. Like many a wise husband, he had to be "out of town on business" on moving day, but after he returned, the Mayor complained to reporters:

"You ought to see those carpets. You can have them. They are so old they are falling to pieces and there's

no place to hang the family washing. It's terrible."

But His Honor stayed on. Gracie Mansion, even with outworn carpets, wasn't a bad deal. The city provided a cook, butler and a maid, plus three police officers on duty and several Park Department employees standing by. The Mayor had only to pay for food and entertainment.

WHEN WILLIAM O'DWYER followed LaGuardia to the Little White House, his wife, former fashion model Sloan Simpson had the place redecorated, thereupon bringing more squeals from taxpayer groups. Gracie also got on page one during various investigations of the O'Dwyer administration when, it was testified, guests who might have shocked old John Quincy Adams were frequent callers in some of its nine spacious rooms and two huge foyers.

Mrs. O'Dwyer sent some of the furniture and other Americana back to the museums. Her successor, Mrs. Vincent Impellitteri, however, was willing to observe the status quo. When she became the city's First Lady in 1951, Mrs. Impellitteri said Mrs. O'Dwyer's tastes were "just perfect."

Meanwhile, Gracie Mansion stayed in the news. In 1952, the *Journal-American* protested editorially against the salaries paid to maintain the house.

Said the *J-A*: "If this were a prin-

cipality and ruled by a prince, there might be reason for tax-supported splendor. We can't see much excuse for it in an American city whose chief executive faces the prospect of being thrown out every four years."

This brought Park Commissioner Moses again charging into the arena: "What earthly satisfaction," he asked the *Journal*, "can you get in making high public office still more unattractive and in encouraging irresponsible radicals to heave bricks at the Mayor and the house he lives in."

When Mrs. Robert Wagner moved in last year, other changes were made at Gracie by the fourth Manhattan First Lady to occupy the mansion. She took one look at a huge landscape by Claude Lorrain in the drawing room and ordered it back to the Metropolitan Museum. "It's worth \$60,000 but we don't like it," she said. She also had some color scheme renovations. Her son's room was a dark red; Mrs. Wagner ordered it repainted a light blue. Apparently her redecorating hasn't been too expensive for Gracie Mansion hasn't been under attack for almost a year.

That it will be again is almost guaranteed. If any ghosts flit around the 13 acres over Hell Gate, they are probably wishing the old homestead could shift back to Colonial times when politics was played by gentlemen and taxpayers didn't complain that Gracie Mansion was a drain on the citizens' pocketbooks.

The *Real Cool* Preacher of East L.A.

by
Joseph Stocker



A TOUGH-LOOKING boy of 17, with a ducktail haircut, slouched into the office of the Reverend Andrew Griffin in Los Angeles. His name was Jimmy, and he had all the appearances of a junior-sized ruffian. But the perceptive preacher could see that it was mostly an affectation. Behind the façade was a genuinely troubled boy.

"Man," said Jimmy, without preliminary, "some of the kitties tell me you turned 'em onto a square route and now the fuzz don't bug 'em no more." (Translation from bop-talk: "Reverend Andy, some of the boys tell me you helped them stay out of trouble and now the police don't bother them any more.")

Reverend Andy (for that's how he's known) took the lad in tow and steered him into some wholesome youth activities. Then he helped Jimmy get a job. The boy straightened out and married soon after-

ward. Today he's a father and a thoroughly rehabilitated ex-dead-end kid.

The man who turned Jimmy "on-to a square route" has been doing just that sort of thing in Los Angeles for the past five years. And he has done it with such success that he is now regarded as one of the city's most potent deterrents to juvenile delinquency.

Reverend Andy's effectiveness among delinquents is due, in good measure, to the fact that he used to be a delinquent himself. For a number of years he lived the life of a hoodlum. Then he became a minister, although a conspicuously unsanctimonious and earthy type of minister. Now, at 32, a tall, athletic man with jet black hair, he presides over a nondescript little church in one of the toughest sections of Los Angeles — the section known as East L.A. This is an area populated

predominantly by Mexican-Americans, where kids roam in gangs known as "rat packs," and where juvenile delinquency is a never-ending problem.

It is here that Reverend Andy has been waging his unorthodox one-man crusade against delinquency and juvenile gang life. It has cost him much of his congregation. But it has won him widespread recognition, a Freedom Foundation award, the gratitude of public officials, and the loyalty of hundreds of dead-end kids. It has made his church not only a place of worship but also a bustling youth center, busy every day of the week. And it has made the toughest section of Los Angeles a good deal less tough than it used to be.

THE SHADOWY WORLD of gangdom is one with which Reverend Andy is thoroughly familiar. He was the son of a well-to-do father who lost everything in the Depression and who died when the boy was 13. His mother died shortly thereafter. From then on, Andy was on his own. He dropped out of school and roved the country, living by his wits. He earned his way mostly — after he reached his later teens — by book-making and gambling. He was an intimate of gangsters.

Wandering to Los Angeles, he opened a gambling hall, with a beer joint as its front. Andy is vague about the details of that period. Unlike the stereotyped sinner-who-finds-religion, and then prates about

it on street corners, he talks little about that time of his life and doesn't over-exploit it.

It was in 1948 that he decided to look for something better than what he had. It was no blazing "conversion experience," says Andy. He's inclined to be skeptical of that sort of thing, anyway. "It was a series of self-re-evaluations — a desire to find something greater than myself that I could have faith in," he explains. "I knew I was headed wrong."

For no particular reason except that he had "always been more or less religiously inclined, whatever that is," Andy began talking to ministers of various denominations. None was especially interested in him, until finally he met the Methodist district supervisor, who saw something promising in Andy. The supervisor made him an assistant pastor without pay. Andy sold the beer joint and lived on his leftover gambling proceeds until the church put him on a small salary. He enrolled at East L.A. Junior College, was elected president of the student body and went on to Whittier College, where he obtained a degree.

His first assignment, meanwhile, was to a respectable middle-class church. But he quickly became bored with being a "goody-goody" minister to a lot of solid suburbanites. He felt out of character. He wanted something he could sink his teeth into. And he got it when the supervisor re-assigned him to Immanuel Methodist in East Los Angeles.

It had the reputation of being the most difficult Methodist church to handle in the entire city. It was located in a heavily Catholic neighborhood and was thoroughly down-at-the-heel. Most of the windows had been broken by young vandals. The congregation consisted mainly of a few elderly women. Andy preached his first Sunday sermon to an audience of seven people.

A SHORT time later, he had occasion to enter the church about one o'clock one morning. There was a scuffling noise. Andy flicked on the light and saw several teen-age boys. They'd been drinking there in the dark. It was an old neighborhood custom, they told him. Kids had been doing it for years.

In those boys Andy saw carbon copies of himself in his earlier days. He decided that this was where he could be far more effective than in merely preaching on Sundays, organizing pie suppers on Wednesdays, and visiting sick old ladies.

It didn't matter that most of the kids in the neighborhood were Catholic. Andy had no interest in converting them to his faith. All he wanted to do was keep them off the streets and out of jail, guiding them into useful pursuits and helping them grow to well-adjusted adulthood. And he felt, as he puts it, that he could use his "past experiences in reaching these young people at their own level of understanding."

Fortified by his sociological stud-

ies at college, Andy began to explore the problems of the Mexican-American dead-end kids. He knew they weren't basically incorrigible. Nor was their delinquency entirely the product of poverty. They were rejected youngsters, caught between two colliding social forces — their unassimilated, Spanish-speaking parents and the alien "Anglo" world in which they had to grow up. They weren't understood by their own families, and they weren't accepted by the world about them.

And so they gravitated into gangs, for it was in the world of gangs that they could attain the acceptance, recognition and status they needed. And it was in the world of gangs that they could gain the new experiences in life that they craved — only the experiences most often were crime, liquor and dope.

Andy's problem was: How to reach them and bring them in? The dead-end kids were chary of churches and preachers.

Things started moving a little when a young Nisei woman — a social worker, expert in juvenile delinquency — was assigned to Andy's church to help out. The two of them organized some youth activities and got a few of the boys off the streets.

But the big break came about because of the bop-talking dead-end kid named Jimmy.

Jimmy had had 18 criminal charges filed against him by the time he was 17. He felt, and perhaps with some small justification, that

the world was against him. That was why he turned up at Reverend Andy's office, asking for help.

Jimmy's rehabilitation wasn't entirely smooth. One night, while he was taking part in some of Reverend Andy's youth activities at the church, the police came and picked him up. They were investigating a theft which Jimmy had committed before he came to Andy.

A week later the boy escaped and disappeared into the labyrinth of Eastside gangland. Andy sent word out via the grapevine that he wanted Jimmy to turn himself in and that he would go to bat for the boy. Jimmy took a chance and gave himself up to Andy. Keeping his word, Andy talked the court into putting Jimmy on probation.

The boy made good, and it wasn't long until Reverend Andy found him a job and Jimmy found a bride. But, in the meantime, he also played Pied Piper for Andy's youth program. He passed the word around among his fellow bopsters that Andy was a right guy — "real cool" — and not only because he could be trusted but because he talked their language. For he had been one of their kind himself. In ever greater numbers, the kids began drifting into Immanuel Methodist — or, as it had become known by now, the Little Church of the Eastside.

Since all the youngsters wouldn't come to the church, Andy went out to them. He hung around the neighborhood "chile dog" stands into the

wee hours, chatting with the kids and trying to divert them from trouble-making. He became an adviser to an Eastside amalgam of hot rod clubs. He helped organize dances at a neighborhood park.

Realizing that the gang — or group — was important in the lives of the youngsters in his area, Andy was careful to adapt the pattern to his own operation. He organized the kids into various activities clubs, or rather let them do their own organizing and pick their own activities. He even took over one whole Eastside gang, bringing it from the street into the church.

Along with their club activities, the kids went to work to refurbish the old broken-down church. They painted it and built clubrooms and surfaced the recreation area and fixed up a decent office for Andy. Delinquency dropped off sharply. The kids shunned their old — and dangerous — pastimes, simply because one adult cared enough to talk to them on their level and give them something to do.

THE CHURCH is open and busy every day and especially in the evenings. Sunday became — and still is — the least important day of the week. Andy preaches a regular Sunday sermon, but rather grudgingly, and to a small congregation. Many of his original parishioners quit the church because they thought his behavior unseemly for a pastor and because they didn't

like having the place over-run with young hoodlums.

Andy's answer to all of that is: "This is a different kind of Christianity — the original Christianity. After all, one of Jesus' best friends was a little prostitute named Mary Magdalene. Part of the New Testament was written by a stinker and a ne'er-do-well named Paul. And Jesus was given a tomb by a cheap machine politician — Nicodemus. Today's church should work with the same kind of people — people with behavior problems."

The severest test of Andy's operation occurred just a few months ago when a gang from a nearby neighborhood — arch-foes of the gang Reverend Andy had brought into his group — raided the Little Church. Nobody knows why they did it — jealousy, perhaps, or contempt for the kids who had gone the "square route." Anyway, the strangers broke into the church during a busy evening, laid around them with knives and broken bottles and sent two of Andy's boys to the hospital.

There was immediate talk among Andy's boys of retaliation. But Andy and the police worked fast. The cops were on the scene within minutes and, in a few hours, had seven of the attackers rounded up. Andy's kids, for the first time in their lives, saw law and order as friendly instead of hostile, ready to protect them instead of persecute them. And Andy remarked pointedly, "There was

a man in Galilee who had a pretty terrible time as leader of the good gang, too, but He turned the other cheek." The talk of retaliating faded out and the incident was forgotten.

ANDY WORKS almost around the clock but he says he has never been "as happy as this in all my life." He feels — and so do others who have watched him — that he has reached through to the roots of big-city juvenile delinquency. "All these kids of ours," he says, "were on the street and will be on the street again unless we organize groups for them. All over, wherever the circumstances are the same, there are gangs. A boy needs attention, love, companionship, a sense of belonging — these things are basic. When his needs aren't met, he seeks them on the street."

Andy also feels that he is helping to pioneer a new field of social action for the modern-day church.

"We raise money for Boys' Clubs. Yet hundreds of church buildings are opening their doors only on Sundays. Churches should use their facilities more than one day a week. If we could use them, we wouldn't have to build Boys' Clubs."

Reverend Andy Griffin, having proved the soundness of his ideas, has won the admiration of his community — and especially of the dead-end kids.

"Andy?" said one, in the lingo of the Eastside. "He's the greatest!"

The Amazing **INNOCENCE** *of* **Mr. Morgenthau**

By Willard Edwards

AMID THE hysterical clamor in Washington on the day after Jap bombs fell on Pearl Harbor, one Cabinet member remained calm and unflustered. Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., knew exactly what steps to take to insure efficiency in his department in the frenzied war period ahead.

At 11 A.M. on December 8, 1941, he summoned to his office Undersecretary Daniel W. Bell, General Counsel Edward H. Foley, Jr., and three other trusted assistants. They found the Secretary in consultation with a sallow-complexioned man of sardonic mien whose humorless eyes glinted behind rimless glasses.

This individual was well-known as



the Treasury's brilliant, blunt and bellicose Director of Monetary Research. His name was Harry Dexter White and he was a secret informant for a Soviet spy ring.

A stenographic transcript of that meeting has been preserved in the tremendous collection of papers known as the "Morgenthau Diaries" which have been housed under lock and key since 1946 in the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park, New York. Portions of this 900-volume, 60-million word record have recently been released by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, which, with the permission of Morgenthau, has had two investigators digging in the documents, under

certain restrictions, for over a year.

On that morning, Morgenthau wasted no time in discussing the tragic disaster which had plunged the nation into war.

"What I wanted to tell you people was this," he began. ". . . I am giving Harry White the status of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in Charge of Foreign Affairs . . . I want it in one brain and I want it in Harry White's brain . . . He will handle China . . . There has to be one brain cell and not as it is now. Is that all right, Dan?"

Undersecretaries maintain their posts by agreement with superiors, not by protests, even when being stripped of authority in favor of a subordinate.

"Fine!" agreed Bell. "Swell with me!" He suggested that an order should be prepared, setting forth White's new role. The latter modestly demurred.

"I don't see that that is necessary," he remarked. "Let me think about it."

No order was prepared. On February 22, 1943, White's jurisdiction over foreign affairs was expanded. Again, there was a confidential meeting with top Treasury officials present.

"What we would like to do," Morgenthau told White, "if you think you could take it, is just turn the whole thing, lock, stock and barrel, over to you."

"I think I can definitely handle it," said White.

Morgenthau: "I think you should get this thing down so that it is just a 'yes' or 'no' for me."

White: "I think so . . ."

An inter-office communication on February 25 formally notified White that he was henceforth to assume supervision and "full responsibility in all economic and financial matters in connection with the operations of the Army and Navy and civilian affairs in the foreign areas in which our armed forces are operating or likely to operate. This will, of course, include liaison with the State Department, Army and Navy, and other departments or agencies and representatives of foreign governments on these matters."

Not until January 24, 1945, however, was White's position as an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury formalized by Presidential appointment.

WHITE's aversion to publicity was understandable in the light of later disclosures. According to Whittaker Chambers, White was already a member of the Communist underground when Chambers arrived in Washington in 1934 to collect secret data from government spies for the Soviet Union. When Chambers parted with the spy apparatus in 1938, he sought unsuccessfully to frighten White into a similar desertion. He preserved handwritten memoranda given him by the Treasury official which were to turn up in the pumpkin papers ten years later.

White may have been panicked for a period by Chambers' defection but he continued to funnel government secrets to the espionage groups which Elizabeth Bentley visited as a Soviet courier in the early 40's, according to her testimony.

The strange protection enjoyed by White, until Congressional exposure in 1948, has been extensively publicized by Attorney General Brownell. But even before the 1945 and 1946 reports on White by the FBI, referred to by Brownell — which did not prevent his appointment in 1946 to the \$17,000 tax-free post of United States Director of the International Monetary Fund — the Harvard-trained economist was under official scrutiny.

An unexplained mystery veils what happened to a report on White which Chambers says he gave to two FBI agents in 1941. There is said to be nothing in FBI files at present to confirm this statement. By 1943, White's mail, under a secret post-office order, was being checked and his wires were undoubtedly being tapped. But he retired from public service with honors in April 1947, and not until the Chambers-Bentley testimony in 1948 did the public learn of his hidden activities.

On August 13, 1948, White replied to these charges, in a hearing before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, with an impassioned defense of his loyalty and patriotism. He died four days later, reportedly of a heart attack. Reports

that an overdose of a drug hastened his death were never confirmed.

On the following day (according to a letter made public by Mrs. Besie Bloom, White's sister, in 1953), Morgenthau wrote to the family, expressing his shock and endorsement of White as "a top-flight public servant who served his country well." He ignored the published charges against his former subordinate.

"If I ever get around to writing the real story of my life in the Treasury, Harry will occupy an important place in the book," wrote Morgenthau.

THE SENATE subcommittee now engaged in ferreting out the "real story" questioned Morgenthau in executive session on June 1 of this year. The ex-Secretary swore that he never had reason to suspect White's integrity or loyalty. No security agent or individual ever reported or suggested to him, he testified, that there was any doubt of White's loyalty. If such reports had been made, he declared, he would immediately have suspended White and ordered a "full investigation."

There can be no question that Morgenthau never sensed for one moment that his No. 1 consultant was other than a high-principled servant of the government. Convincing proof of his sincerity is the access he has given two subcommittee staff members to the mammoth collection of records, memoranda,

monitored telephone calls, stenographic transcripts and personal notes which he took with him when he left office in 1945.

Morgenthau remarked to Chairman Eastland of Mississippi that he had never read this material himself, having "a kind of superstition" about it. Certainly, no official of uneasy mind about his own role would have unconcernedly permitted Senate investigators to dig for what they could find in this unparalleled accumulation of documents.

The Senate investigation, under the direction of Subcommittee Counsel J. G. Sourwine, has concentrated upon the role of White. It is gradually unfolding the almost incredible tale of how a Soviet agent wielded far-reaching powers, during a crucial period in American history, in the department which handles the fiscal affairs of the wealthiest nation on earth.

Light is being shed on the crafty manner in which White guided Morgenthau in affairs of state, gently pushing and pulling, submitting memoranda for this plan and that. White made the Treasury a second Department of State, much to the irritation of Secretary of State Cordell Hull. He created a world-wide network of commercial espionage agents, wielding an immense influence in shaping the tragic destiny of China; shaping postwar policy; founding the International Monetary Fund; and authoring the almost-successful "Morgenthau plan" for conversion

of postwar Germany into a cabbage patch.

BUT AN equally fascinating character emerges from the records in Morgenthau himself, surely the most artless, unsuspecting and wide-eyed innocent ever to hold high office in modern times. Utterly without guile, he approached his duties with simple happiness, delighted with the good-humored camaraderie which characterized his top-level conferences, joining in the banter which alleviated consideration of a ten-billion-dollar tax bill.

When Franklin D. Roosevelt heard shocked protests at his appointment of this gentleman farmer to run the Treasury, he jestingly explained: "Henry is the only neighbor I have who is farming and making money at it."

It was generally conceded, when Morgenthau became Secretary on January 1, 1934, that he was meant to be a figurehead with Mr. Roosevelt intending to fix all departmental policies. The Depression still hung like a black cloud over the nation. Mr. Roosevelt loved to play with finances and Morgenthau himself has revealed how the President, over scrambled eggs at breakfast, would fix the price of gold, chuckling in one instance that a rise of 21 cents was justified because "three times seven is a lucky number."

The "diaries" reveal that Morgenthau carried this light-hearted attitude toward fiscal affairs into his

own operations when the President lost interest and turned to weightier affairs.

He established a "9:30 group" of top Treasury officials which met at that hour each morning to plot the day's maneuvers. White, who came to the Treasury as an obscure economist in 1934, was invited to join this group on April 25, 1938. This was a significant recognition of his rise to power although he was still listed only as the \$8,000-a-year Director of Monetary Research.

Born in a Boston tenement district in 1892, the son of Russian parents, White was a man of brilliant mind, hot temper well-controlled, and burning ambitions. Fully aware of his talents, he had found himself at the age of 41 a low-paid instructor in economics at Lawrence College, in Appleton, Wisconsin. We can glimpse the frustration and seething resentments which, coupled with his ancestry, drove him to regard the Russian Communist state as the solution to world problems. He had eagerly grasped an offer to join the Treasury staff as a \$5,700-a-year economic analyst.

This dour man, who was making furtive contacts with Chambers on Connecticut Avenue and slipping him secret data, must have been elated by his admission to the super-council. The Munich crisis at that time had brought about great uncertainty on European exchanges and White probably expected a weighty discussion of the serious problems in-

involved. He must have been astonished by the gaiety which prevailed and the frivolous comment, all gravely recorded by the stenographer and preserved for posterity in the "diaries."

"Want to make a speech, Harry?" Morgenthau happily hailed the newcomer at that first meeting and the invitation was echoed by other participants. But White murmured cautiously that "the best thing I can do is keep quiet." There followed a discussion of golf and sun-burn; of nickel bets and church-going. A budget discussion got mixed up with an exchange about the Sunday "funny papers."

THE FLAVOR of these meetings is perhaps best set forth in excerpts from the transcripts of three 9:30 group meetings, one in 1941, the others in 1943 and 1944, all dealing with the subject of adding more billions to the corporation tax levy.

At the first meeting, November 27, 1941, Morgenthau was beseeching his subordinates to tell him how he could add five billion dollars to the corporation tax bill. He didn't like an answer that five billions in additional revenue would have to be obtained from "the bulk of the people." He called for figures on the earnings of General Motors and was informed that the corporation had earned \$347 millions in 1940.

Morgenthau: They earned how much?
Whew! . . . Did anybody leave the

room just now to buy some General Motors? [Laughter.] Now, how many more billions can you get out of the corporations? . . . What is the estimated corporate profits for this year?

A long discussion ensued. Various estimates were provided. White quietly suggested the highest figure — \$16 billion. Morgenthau called upon George C. Haas, Director of Research and Statistics:

MORGENTHAU: All right, George, give us a guess.

HAAS: It is just wild.

MORGENTHAU: All right, I love to see you go wild. [Laughter.]

HAAS: Sixteen.

MORGENTHAU: Well, why wouldn't it be reasonable if there was sixteen billion that we took ten of it? We would get the extra five billion right there . . . I had to answer myself. You don't have to go down and take it out of the workingman's pocket. That is what I was trying to get at.

A reluctant advisor suggested that overwhelming taxes on corporations would promote inflation. But Morgenthau turned to a consultant named Cann and told him to "put a couple of hundred" experts to work on a corporate tax report and to "move fast."

MORGENTHAU (to Cann): You can get enough men on these steel companies to see what they are doing. You can use a can opener on them. [Laughter.]

MRS. HENRIETTA KLOTZ (personal secretary to the Secretary): That was a good pun.

MORGENTHAU: I didn't realize it until I said it . . . The best ones are always the ones you don't realize . . . Well, for me this has been a very profitable morning.

TWO YEARS later to the day, November 27, 1943, there was a similar tax meeting. Morgenthau was in an embarrassing predicament. He had asked Congress for \$10.5 billion additional in corporation taxes, asserting it was essential on the basis of estimated revenue and receipts. The Budget Bureau had just announced that the deficit had been over-estimated by \$10.5 billion, apparently eliminating the need for new corporate taxes.

"You know," said Morgenthau, "all these things are emotional . . . I don't mind being made a monkey of; I'm used to that . . . I'm in the damndest spot I have been in years. I'm not going to get sick over it, though."

White, all sympathy, suggested a way out. Congress could be told, he said, that the extra \$10.5 billion was still essential. Stress could be laid on the need to reduce the national debt. The American people could stand an additional tax burden.

Other conferees suggested methods for a new approach to Congress. The unhappy Morgenthau commented: "You fellows remind me of a lot of chefs who are going to prepare the dinner and fatten the ox before the dinner. I am the ox."

Congress was duly urged that it

should still pass the new taxes. It proved obdurate and provided a measure, assessing only \$2.3 billion in new revenue, rather than \$10.5 billion. On January 31, 1944, the inner circle met to debate whether to press for a veto.

MORGENTHAU: The meeting is entitled, "You can't have your cake and eat it too." . . . After trying for ten and a half, we say we don't want two and a half. (He entered into a long monologue on his difficulties. Some of his listeners apparently became restless. The transcript records a lengthy argument over the merits of a new cigaret holder and the smoking habits of several participants.)

MORGENTHAU: If the President should veto the two billion plus of revenue, I think he puts himself in a very weak position.

WHITE: I think the bill should be vetoed. I think the President could gain stature by vetoing . . . it would be a slap at Congress. This is a lousy Congress and deserves to be slapped. I think the Congress would immediately have to revamp something which the President would sign and that would be a victory for the President . . .

MORGENTHAU: Mrs. Roosevelt is so interested in West Virginia — the miners. What is the name of the place down there where they started this thing for the miners, and everything?

(This query aroused general confusion until it developed that Morgenthau was seeking to recall remarks made by Mr. Roosevelt at Arthur-dale, West Virginia.)

MORGENTHAU: Do you know that place? Mrs. Roosevelt has taken such

an interest in it. It is a tax speech attacking Pat Harrison [Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee].

JOHN L. SULLIVAN (Assistant Secretary of Treasury): Wasn't that undistributed profits?

MORGENTHAU: It is the only time he ever has done something like that.

SULLIVAN: He did it late, then; the boat had sailed.

MORGENTHAU: Well, I don't have to tell you how lousy I think the bill is, but it is no longer a question of how I feel about it, but how the President feels about it, and I am willing to get a hat pool up here —

PUZZLED LISTENER: Hat pool?

MORGENTHAU: Yes, everybody puts in 25 cents for whether he will veto or whether he won't, see? Anybody who wants to get down — I will put down veto and I will put down the names and a quarter, see?

WHITE: Will each win a nickle? That is all there will be to divide.

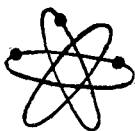
(Delighted cries arose from all present. A participant said he was "so excited" he had dropped his money. Morgenthau recorded the votes. He and four others bet that Mr. Roosevelt would not veto, despite their wishes that he would. Assistant Secretary Herbert E. Gaston bet that the President would veto the bill.)

MORGENTHAU: This is the way to settle these arguments.

History records that Gaston won the hat pool. Mr. Roosevelt on February 22, 1944, vetoed the tax bill, calling it a measure to relieve "not the needy but the greedy." An unappreciative Congress promptly overrode the veto.

The Coming

URANIUM BUST



THERE is considerable reason to believe that the year 1962 may mark the beginning of the big "uranium bust." From present indications, we may have a national scandal that will rival the "Crédit Mobilier" of the last century. This could be unpleasant news to some and surprising information to others.

Naturally the Atomic Energy Commission will deny this possibility. Unfortunately, published information from that agency makes the prediction logical.

In 1947 there was no carnotite (secondary uranium ore) mined in the United States. Strangely enough, however, in 1913 and 1914 the mines of Colorado and Utah were producing three to four thousand tons of carnotite a year — yielding about one million dollars' worth of radium annually. Then the tremendous deposits of pitchblende were

discovered in the Shinkolobwe Mine of the Belgian Congo and the Eldorado Mine of the Canadian Great Bear Lake. The quality of these ores, some of which contained 50 to 60 percent U_3O_8 (uranium oxide), so far surpassed that of the Colorado Plateau region that U.S. production ceased.

During World War II the military authorities had made arrangements for the surreptitious recovery of some uranium from the "tailings" of the Western vanadium mines. By 1946 even this had ended. There had been some exploration in the U.S. under the auspices of the Manhattan Engineer District (the A-bomb outfit), but it was haphazard, poorly organized, and understaffed.

Indeed it was the philosophy of the M.E.D. to leave American ore underground in order not to disturb the arrangements which had been made with Great Britain, Canada and Belgium to procure the rich

By DAVID S. TEEPLE

pitchblende ores of Shinkolobwe and Eldorado.

In 1948 the fever struck at the AEC. It was maintained, *though never proved*, that available uranium supplies were not sufficient to meet national defense needs. That is to say *weapons'* needs. The real threat was that available uranium supplies might not meet the demand for the development of atomic power which the planners anticipated was going to be economically feasible within a decade.

THE AEC cannot be completely blamed for the present uranium boom. As a matter of fact, they were given carte blanche and what was tantamount to orders to proceed "full speed ahead and damn" the cost by the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. Since 1948 the Joint Congressional Committee has pressured the AEC to get more uranium. In 1952 that Committee issued a report on raw materials in which it pointed out that there was "no uranium bottleneck." The observation was made that there was no limit to the amount of uranium which could be procured providing "money, manpower and effort" was directed toward obtaining it.

The JCAE went further to warn the AEC that "... if war should come some years hence and if the U.S. did not then possess as many atomic weapons ... as would have been desirable *there could be no valid exoneration of either the military or*

higher authority in terms of uranium shortage." (Italics mine.)

Having been invited to "dip" into the public till, and warned that no shortage would be excused, the AEC has done just that with a vengeance.

Thus began the uranium rush. Starting from scratch in 1948, the U.S. has now become one of the largest producers in the world. If we can believe the AEC, we may become the largest at the present rate of production. From the beginning it has all been done by government subsidy.

The activities of the AEC in what normally would have been a free enterprise industry make the Socialistic government of New Zealand look like an advocate of laissez faire.

Within a few years, more people were hunting for uranium in the U.S. than for all other metallic minerals combined. The Director of the Division of Raw Materials of the AEC now proudly announces that we have "at least a \$100-million-a-year uranium industry." The Commission periodically reports on the sale of its bulletin entitled "Prospecting for Uranium" which long since became a bestseller by passing the 100,000 mark at 45 cents per copy.

As the fabulous accounts of the sensational success of Pick and Steen boys were recounted in the magazine supplements, the uranium rush became a stampede.

How did the Commission subsidize this industry? A good summa-

tion can be found in the latest semi-annual report of the AEC for January 1955.

First, the AEC guaranteed to buy *all* ore produced containing .1 percent U_3O_8 or over.

Second, the AEC guaranteed the price of the ore to 1951, then to 1954, then to 1958, and now until 1962.

Third, a bonus payment plan was established as an incentive for new discoveries. Over and above the guaranteed price, the AEC has paid out \$4,300,000 in bonus awards since 1951.

Fourth, with AEC impetus, 1,000 miles of access roads, costing \$5.5 million, have been built on the Colorado Plateau and in South Dakota with \$2.5 million more scheduled for this year.

Fifth, the AEC and the Geological Survey and Bureau of Mines (for the AEC) have been test drilling at the rate of one million feet per year.

Sixth, the AEC and the U.S.G.S. have conducted an extensive Airborne Radioactivity Surveying program, producing and posting monthly index maps at 18 different locations throughout the country as an aid to prospectors.

Seventh, the AEC and other agencies on behalf of the AEC have spent thousands of man hours preparing for publication unclassified technical reports on exploration, geology and mineralogy.

Eighth, the AEC has devoted

substantial sums to research contracts for process development in an effort to extract uranium from phosphates, low grade carnotite and shales.

Ninth, the AEC has constructed ore processing facilities of its own and has arranged favorable contracts for private mills which in effect removes the risk and guarantees a return on the private capital invested.

Without in any way attempting to become technical, it is important to realize just *what* the AEC is buying. With bonus awards and other payments, we are now buying low grade .2 percent U_3O_8 concentrates at over \$5.00 per pound. Note that the concentrates of U_3O_8 in these domestic ores is measured in tenths of one percent and recall that the Belgium ores previously mentioned are in concentrates 25 to 100 to 500 or more times enriched.

WHILE the frenzied search for more uranium continues in the U.S., it must be remembered that other producers are being heard from. In South Africa we are told there are known reserves sufficient to assure production for 30 years and more. South Africa, we are told, will become one of the world's largest producers with 15 or 16 uranium recovery plants costing \$190 million.

Two-thirds of the \$190 million has been borrowed from the U.S. through the Export-Import Bank. The facts would be interesting,

though, *of course*, not available to the American public, about the details of the purchase agreements which we have made with South Africa. Is the quantity and price guaranteed by the U.S. for a period of time? Is it a private enterprise project for South Africa, or a U.S.-subsidized venture with guaranteed profits for South Africans and *no risk!* except to the U.S. taxpayer.

Canada is booming with tremendous operations in the Lake Athabaska and Sudbury areas. We are told that Canada is making a "firm bid for first place."

Australia looks like another "comer." In a report of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, dated February 9, 1955, it is stated that:

The high degree of activity in uranium prospecting and the number of uranium strikes in the past 2 years gave every indication that Australia will become one of the world's great sources of uranium in the next decade.

Portugal also looks promising. The Belgian Congo is still on schedule and "additional ore is being found and only a pessimist would predict the early exhaustion of this great mine." (The World Almanac for 1955 says that the Shinkolobwe Mine now produces over 60 percent of the world's uranium supply, largely for the United States.)

What is going on behind the Iron Curtain is anybody's guess, but it can be assumed that the Soviets are not being dilatory.

Why should the future look dim? From the account so far it appears as though we have a bonanza. The joker in the pack is that all of the frenzied uranium boom has been predicated on the essentiality of the material for the manufacture of weapons for our national security. Only by hanging its hat on this peg has the AEC been able to justify the guaranteed price and various subsidies for materials of such low grade as to be uneconomical on an open market.

THE IMPORTANT fact to remember is that *uranium is not a scarce mineral*. It is widely scattered in different types of ores over most of the earth's surface. *Any amount can be procured depending on the price which one is willing to pay for the exploration, mining and processing of extremely low grade ores.* At one and two dollars per pound, few people are interested in uranium; at ten to 30 or 50 dollars per pound, there is no limit to possible production. Astounding though the atom may be, it hasn't changed economics.

Those who want to water the deserts and light the dark corners of the world with atomic power could never get their hands on the money from Congress for the present uranium subsidies unless the sacred obligation of national defense was involved.

According to any theory of equity, it is obviously unfair for the United States Government to tax the pro-

ducers of coal, gas and oil and to use those taxes for the development of a competitive fuel. John L. Lewis and his United Mine Workers could, in simple justice, demand that the government expend *as much money* for the development of better methods for the more efficient utilization of coal as it does for the more efficient utilization of uranium as a fuel for power.

Obviously if the weapon requirement is removed or reduced, the entire program falls on its face.

Without any comment from me for fear of being accused of violating security, let us examine a statement of Dr. Eugene Rabinowitch, physicist and editor of the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*, a man associated with the atomic program for over a decade and one who because of his associations and contacts is presumably knowledgeable. In the *New Leader* for January 10, 1955, he states:

According to authoritative statements, American stocks of atomic explosives are approaching a level at which further production will become, while by no means militarily valueless, at least not vital since the materials on hand will be sufficient to destroy perhaps several times over every "worthwhile" target on the face of the earth.

One perhaps could quarrel with Dr. Rabinowitch's statement today. By 1962 it will become clear to even the uninitiated that after almost two decades of continuous

weapons production we will have about enough, if not too many, of these instruments of mass destruction.

There is a unique feature of an atomic weapon stockpile that does not apply to conventional weapons such as tanks, aircraft and guns. Though some theoretical physicists may or may not agree, the Atomic Energy Commission has repeatedly told the American people that uranium does not depreciate or become obsolete. Atomic weapons using uranium, therefore, according to the Commission, will be as good a thousand years from now as they are today. Though the gadgetry may have to be replaced, the uranium will remain as potent as ever.

Since the American public has no choice but to accept the statements of the Commission, the conclusion must be drawn that *once the atomic weapons stockpile is saturated, it is saturated forever*. An atomic weapons requirement once filled is filled forever leaving no uranium market for weapons production.

IT HAS been proved that uranium can be used in weapons and ceramics. Though there has been a lot of publicity, it has *not yet* been proved that *uranium* can be economically used to produce electrical power.

The author is personally not willing to go along with the stargazers on the question of "economic" power from nuclear energy. Cer-

tainly we can make electricity and produce power with nuclear materials, but the economics are at present out of sight. With the AEC (1) waiving charges for nuclear materials for seven years, (2) purchasing special nuclear materials (such as plutonium) produced in industrial power plants, (3) performing free research and development in AEC laboratories, (4) endorsing certain preferential financial arrangements, and (5) supporting research in industrial facilities, the true cost of any electric power produced is so hidden that it can never be determined. If anyone thinks it is difficult to unravel the skein of TVA costs and charges, that is child's play compared to the contemplated nuclear power deals.

There is, however, considerable reason to believe that *thorium*, not uranium, may eventually be the key to economic power when and *if* it is developed.

The AEC, as recently as April 29, 1955, stated in a report to the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy on the five-year reactor development program that "major effort is directed toward a two region thorium system *believed to be capable of producing lower cost nuclear power than other designs* which have fewer remaining development problems." (Italics mine.) If thorium becomes the power fuel of the future, we may have to start making uranium coins and souvenirs to get rid of the stuff.

For purposes of argument, however, let us assume that uranium *is* to be the power fuel of the future. Examine the estimates of the Director of the AEC Division of Raw Materials. If by 1980 we have a world nuclear power capacity of 100 million KW, and if we are increasing that capacity at a rate of 15 million KW per year, we will have an annual world commercial market of about 17,000 tons U_3O_8 or 14,000 tons uranium metal. This would take care of the inventory for the plants and the "burn up" of the materials.

This estimate entirely eliminates the prospect of breeding where the fissionable material produces more than it uses and also assumes a low fuel efficiency of two percent.

Though the AEC has not yet officially released the ore requirement figures for our present atomic program, thousands of people outside the government know the approximate figure. Anyone who can add knows that it has to exceed 10,000 tons of U_3O_8 annually.

Under the most favorable assumptions, therefore, by 1980 the entire world won't use as much for power as the U.S. weapons' program is using in 1955.

THE JACKPOT question is what will happen between 1962 and 1980. During this period we will have uranium production vastly in excess of 17,000 tons and a curtailed weapons demand. Even according

to the most optimistic forecasts, there will be *no* substantial industrial power market to take up the slack. At the present time the AEC admits that current domestic ore production is in excess of processing capacity and that "large stockpiles" of ore are being accumulated at "a number of points."

You can just bet, therefore, that any weapons cutback before 1962 or around that period will throw the entire raw materials' program out of phase and the "uranium bust" will be on. The first to go will be the U.S. marginal producers of .1 to .15 U_3O_8 concentrates.

The big boys in the business are no fools. By 1962 they will have their plants all amortized and paid for with the existing government subsidy. They can ride out the storm. As the foreign competitors with their rich ores and with plants subsidized by the U.S. seek the dwindling market, a hue and cry will arise in the U.S. for tariffs et al to protect American industry.

It's bad enough that the "penny" uranium stockholders with *no* uranium are now being taken to the cleaners. It will be a national scandal to allow responsible folks *with* uranium to go down the drain in 1963.

The time at which this uranium bust might occur is relatively unimportant. If the U.S. Government extends uranium subsidy, then the day of reckoning will be postponed. Any extension of the subsidy, however, will merely result in further

production which will increase the spread between the quantity of ore and the total world market for power when the subsidy is eventually removed. The extension of the subsidy, therefore, though postponing the shock, will make it more severe when it comes.

THE TIME to correct the situation is now, and the job is relatively simple. *First*, have the Joint Committee conduct a realistic appraisal of the national stockpile of atomic weapons including present and future military needs. Let the JCAE participate in the scheduling of military requirements so that we can adjust our ore procurement accordingly. The present arrangement, where the AEC tells the National Defense Department what it can produce and the Defense Department then sets the requirements to equal the production, is childish. *Second*, withdraw the present subsidy incentives to marginal production. *Third*, alert the mining industry to the real situation. *Fourth*, tell the American people the truth about the economics of atomic power instead of issuing misleading press releases. *And fifth*, allow uranium prices to find a market on a supply and demand basis, as do other minerals, instead of continuing government dealings in uranium futures.

We all want to harness the atom for the beneficial uses of mankind, but who wants to create an international "Top Secret" TVA?

WORRY

A killer that knows no class boundaries, chronic worry is already listed as the breeder of a dozen diseases, and science is only beginning to uncover the havoc it wreaks on body and spirit. Here is how to live longer by worrying less.

Q. Doctor Polatin, our readers, like everyone in our modern civilization, are sometimes bogged down by "worry." We hope that as a practicing psychiatrist you can clarify some aspects of this vital subject by answering a few questions.

First, just what is worry?

A. It may not seem so, but you have asked a difficult question. Basically, I would say worry is a conscious unpleasant feeling. It is a pondering or concern over something that has happened or that we think may happen. A worrier may not admit it to himself, but he has a foreboding that something awful is about to occur.

Q. How does worry differ from fear?

A. Fear is a reaction to sudden danger, while worry usually extends over a period of time.

Q. How does worry differ from anxiety?

A. "Anxiety" is caused by unconscious forces, while worry, on the other hand, is a conscious response. A worrier *knows* what is bothering him.

By Martin L. Gross

with

Dr. Philip Polatin

Q. Is worry a common phenomenon nowadays?

A. Too common. We all worry, most of us excessively.

Q. Is worry confined to the mind, or are there physical symptoms associated with it?

A. There definitely are. There is usually a rise in blood pressure, palpitation of the heart, queasiness in the stomach, loss of energy, and sometimes sweating — alternating hot and cold reactions.

Q. Just why do people worry so much? What causes worry?

A. Well, we all strive for security and happiness, and when life and society put obstacles in our path, we try to surmount them. In the process we worry over whether we will defeat these challenges to our security or whether they will defeat us.

Q. Is worry normal?

A. Yes, some worry about real

Reprinted from Cosmopolitan Magazine.

problems — what I would call “ego” worry — is normal and perhaps even helpful as a mental purgative. But chronic worry, even if not abnormal, is definitely unhealthy. In fact, I would say that the person who worries continually borders on being mentally ill.

Q. But what if his problems are real and serious?

A. They usually are. But a stable individual will eventually make an adjustment to almost any life situation, including failure, disgrace, and loneliness.

Q. What of people who worry about imaginary problems?

A. This is an entirely different kind of worry. A man who is well-liked and prospering on a job, yet who goes to work every morning worrying about being fired, is a “neurotic worrier.” His worry is not produced by a perceptible danger to his immediate security, but is actually a symptom of a deep-seated emotional disturbance. The people who worry about their inadequacies — sexual, intellectual, or social — generally fall into this category. These “neurotic worriers,” however, are only a small minority. Most people worry about concrete problems and have little concern over abstractions or imaginary dangers.

Q. Dr. Polatin, we often hear that people worry today more than they used to. Is this just another example of glorifying the good old days?

A. I’m afraid not. People have

more to worry about today with the threat of cataclysmic war and the H-bomb. Our twentieth-century civilization has added many tensions to life. In addition, man never had the opportunities he has today. The chance for wealth and happiness seems open to all and creates “worry” for those trying desperately to reach these goals. One hundred years ago, the average man wasn’t so vulnerable.

Q. What do people worry about most?

A. Money and success. A prominent colleague of mine once said that “money sickness,” as he called this kind of worry, was more prevalent and dangerous than the common cold. Women worry about their weight and appearance, their family, and their marriage. Men worry about their virility, their hair, prestige, meeting bills, and their career.

Q. Do men or women worry more?

A. I would say men worry more. Because they are the breadwinners, men are more in contact with the conflicts of modern-day life.

Q. Doctor, you mentioned briefly that worry is dangerous. In what way could something so common be harmful?

A. Actually it is only because worry is so much a part of us that it is so dangerous, both psychologically and physically. Psychologically, constant worry immobilizes us. It robs us of energy we would normally use for constructive things. It helps destroy the thing it is con-

cerned with — greater happiness. I have known people who used excessive worry as a goad and a whip to help them surmount obstacles, then found it impossible to relax even when there was nothing to worry about.

Q. Do you mean that worry is habit-forming?

A. Definitely. We would like it to be the kind of thing we could turn off and on for emergencies, but it's not. Worry builds a mental pattern. In fact, with some people it becomes a way of life. If they have nothing to worry about, they feel strange because their mind isn't preoccupied with a problem.

Q. Is worry ever beneficial?

A. To a small extent. Some people use it successfully as a stimulant. Some students, for example, are so psychologically constituted that they do better on exams when they worry beforehand. Other types of people would never fulfill their responsibilities if they didn't worry first. But in the latter case there is something basically wrong to begin with. In general, I would say it is mentally bad to look upon worry as a blessing in any form.

Q. Doctor, you spoke of physical danger. Do you mean that worry can cause an ulcerous stomach?

A. The ulcer is, of course, the most publicized example of bodily

harm created by worry, but it is only a small part of the story. Normal worry can produce such disturbances in the body as diarrhea, nausea, indigestion, vomiting, frequent headaches, palpitations, sweating, difficulty in catching the breath, abdominal pain, constipation, heartburn, acute menstrual pain in women, premature stoppage of menstruation, and insomnia.

Q. Are these mild distortions the limit of worry's destruction, or can worry create more serious illnesses, too?

A. Oh, yes. Worry contributes to a great many sicknesses, some of them fatal. Generally we call these the psychosomatic illnesses, because they are in some way affected by the mind. But

remember, sickness brought on by worry is just as painful and just as real as any other kind of sickness.

Q. Which are the psychosomatic illnesses?

A. Every year research discovers more and more illnesses affected by the mind. The most common psychosomatic illnesses known today include high blood pressure, which may result in apoplexy, enlarged heart, and frequent headaches; gastric ulcers; colitis; heart disease; asthma and hay fever; arthritis and rheumatic fever; diabetes; and various skin ailments.

Q. Doctor, do you mean that



worry actually causes all these serious illnesses?

A. Psychosomatic medicine is not quite that simple. A combination of factors produces the sickness. First there must be some point of organic weakness—in the case of ulcers, some susceptibility to stomach disorder. Then a serious emotional disturbance like chronic worry can change the susceptibility into an actual and very painful ulcer—or in other cases bring on a fatal heart attack, or diabetes, or even kidney trouble.

Q. *It seems understandable that worry could affect the abdomen. We all feel "butterflies" in the stomach when we worry excessively. But exactly how could worry bring on such serious organic diseases as coronary thrombosis or arthritis?*

A. To be quite candid, we don't know exactly how worry affects the body. The field is still relatively new and we know far less than we should about the subject. But the most widely accepted theory about the effects of worry on the body is Selye's Theory of Stress.

Q. *What is Selye's Theory?*

A. In 1944, Dr. Hans Selye, a physician from Montreal, Canada, announced in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* that his experiments had convinced him that stress, especially incessant worry, created disease by producing chemical imbalance in the body. When a person worries constantly, he said, the pituitary gland under

the brain and the adrenal glands near the kidney pour out hormones in answer to the mind's alarm. It is this discharge of excess toxic hormones that attacks the various body organs and produces the psychosomatic diseases and the general feeling of being sick associated with chronic worry.

Q. *Dr. Polatin, I was under the impression that the pituitary and adrenal glands secrete substances vital to life. How could they also create such havoc?*

A. Actually, these glands normally protect the body against cold, pain, infection, and such stresses as worry. When the mind sends out an alarm, the pituitary and adrenal secretions help the body set up a defense and we learn to live with this stress or worry. But then, eventually, Dr. Selye said, as the chronic worry continues to eat away at us, the defense mechanism breaks down, and the glands secrete excess hormones in answer to still more alarm. It is the excess of the hormones which once protected us that now does the damage.

Q. *Do we know which hormones are involved in the process?*

A. There are dozens of hormones produced by the adrenals, but according to current theory, DOCA, or desoxycorticosterone acetate is the villain. In the pituitary, STH, the somatotrophic hormone, the one responsible for the body's growth, is the one considered dangerous when we are under strain.

Q. *Is there any way to stop the toxic action of these hormones?*

A. About five years ago, researchers found that cortisone and ACTH worked miraculously on a great range of ailments such as asthma, skin trouble, and arthritis. Selye's theory is that ACTH and cortisone hormones neutralize excess DOCA and STH and restore the body's chemical balance. This helps in the treatment of some psychosomatic illnesses, but of course such treatment doesn't eliminate one of the most important sources of the problem — chronic worry.

Q. *Has recent research turned up any more clues to this riddle of worry?*

A. Yes, there have been many new clues. One theory, developed by two young scientists in Utah, is quite interesting. They contend that such stresses as worry actually cause the membranous structure of the human cell to break down, releasing a fluid containing histamine that then attacks neighboring cells. Their theory, however, still remains completely unsubstantiated.

Q. *Can we conclude from what you've said that worry can actually shorten a person's life?*

A. Yes, definitely. Worry is a killer. Every day a great number of people worry themselves into a state of high blood pressure (hypertension) and die from apoplexy caused by a blood vessel's bursting in the

brain. I have no doubt that anyone who could learn to stop worrying would add as much as a decade to his life.

Q. *Doctor Polatin, are we all equally susceptible to worry, or are certain groups more addicted than others? We've always heard, for example, that advertising executives sport an ulcer as a symbol of their profession.*

A. I would say worry has no class consciousness. It encompasses the poor and rich alike, the uneducated and the intellectual, all religions, and all races. To some extent, certain occupations, such as advertising and manufacturing in highly competitive fields, do breed worry. As I mentioned previously, I think men possibly worry more than women. But the most salient factor is the personality type of the individual.

Q. *Do you mean that some types of people worry more than others?*

A. I would say so. Worry includes a certain foreboding of danger. People who are optimistic by nature have a cheerier view of the future and less tendency to worry. Most chronic worriers have depressive, pessimistic characters. The fact that a person worries excessively is no reflection on his intellectual or physical development, but it is definitely a sign of emotional immaturity. Another factor is the amount of basic anxiety.



Q. Are worriers born instead of made?

A. No, not exactly. However, those people with a good deal of basic anxiety and marked "startle reactions" — for example, they jump when a car backfires — would probably have a greater disposition to worry. Basically, however, personality determines the probability of addiction to worry.

Q. Do children worry? Would an adult worrier first show these tendencies as a child?

A. Not at a very young age, for worry is a conscious, almost intellectual act. But many chronic worriers do show depressive personality traits while still children.

Q. Doctor Polatin, I imagine that people worry a lot about growing old. Is this type of worry normal?

A. Yes, concern over growing old is perfectly normal, if you are really growing old. I would say this worry begins in a normal man at about fifty, and in a woman in her middle forties. In men, the worry is often highlighted if the man thinks he hasn't made a financial or professional success of himself. In women, worry over growing old is closely related to menopause.

Q. Why should women worry about the menopause?

A. There really is nothing to worry about, but all women hear nonsensical rumors that they are likely to lose control of their minds during this time. But the chances are really negligible. Basically, a

woman in change of life is worried over the possibility that she will lose her femininity, attractiveness, her sexual powers, and even her husband and children.

Q. Is worry about death normal?

A. Concern about death is quite common and normal for people in their late middle age, but it is definitely neurotic for people of thirty or forty to give it more than an occasional philosophical consideration. Even among older people, worry about death is abnormal if it becomes obsessive.

Q. Doctor, I, for one, am now thoroughly convinced of the dangers of excessive worry. But how can a person tell when he is worrying too much?

A. There are definite physical signs to warn us. The best one is the inability to sleep well, or, in extreme cases, insomnia. Taking worry to bed with you is one of the most harmful mental habits. Other warning signs are exhaustion, irritability, a general feeling of being uncomfortable, and loss of interest in hobbies that formerly intrigued you.

Q. Is there anything we can do to stop worrying?

A. Yes, I think so. I think the first thing a worrier should do is realize that many of his apprehensions are exaggerated. Most of the catastrophes we're sure will befall us never happen. Logic should convince us that if we existed fairly well up till now, there is no reason why the situation shouldn't continue.

I think a worrier should confront himself and determine just how morbid worry is. We all have the capacity to enjoy life — instead of worrying about its pitfalls — if we just become a little more optimistic, more tolerant of things as they are, and more youthful in our outlook. We should try to eliminate unhealthy competition with friends and neighbors, and instead of worrying about increasing our income to \$20,000 a year, adjust to what we do make, and learn to enjoy life on it.

Many of us worry about not living life to its fullest, yet we keep postponing our enjoyments — saying we'll play golf when we have more time, take that trip when we have more money saved, relax on our jobs when we feel more secure. Unfortunately, those times seldom come. A person who lives one day at a time, and each twenty-four-

hour period to its fullest, could never become a chronic worrier.

Q. Are some cases hopeless?

A. Unfortunately, yes. To some, worry is a way of life. They actually derive a morbid satisfaction from punishing themselves. But most people, if they are convinced that worry is robbing them of something very precious, can help themselves.

Q. What about psychiatry? Can it cure a chronic worrier?

A. Yes, a person who feels the need should visit the mental health clinic of his hospital or go to a private psychiatrist. Treating "worry" does not normally require psychoanalysis. A less extreme treatment — psychotherapy — is often very successful. The psychotherapist tries to get the worrier to look at himself squarely and realistically. After all, life is short and we were put on earth to enjoy it, not to worry ourselves sick about it.



Is There a Historian In the House?

➤ The Tennessee House of Representatives had to delay final action on a resolution memorializing General Robert E. Lee on his birthday. No one could be found in the House sufficiently "read up" on the Confederate commander-in-chief to deliver the ten-minute oration called for in the bill.

➤ Mayor Thomas P. Bryan, Jr., of Richmond, Virginia, received a phone call from Ontario, Canada, and a man said to him: "I just wanted to tell you I've been reading about a man you have down there — Stonewall Jackson. I certainly admire the way he marched his men and fought. I want to tell you that you're doing a good job down there. Keep it up. Good-by."

Animals WHO EARN THEIR WAY

BY DUANE VALENTY



SQUIRRELS DO WORK,
HUMANS GET PAID

So ran the headline recently in a Washington newspaper, when more than 100 people profited from the work of squirrels and sold fir, hemlock and pine cones to a seed company.

The company paid \$4 to \$12 a bag; the seeds were used to replant burned forest areas; the squirrels did all the work by neatly stockpiling the cones. One man made \$40 in a day, selling ten bags.

It seems Lassie and Rin-Tin-Tin aren't the only non-humans living useful lives these days!

A dog helped a Seattle reporter campaign for the Democratic nomination for the new post of Congressman-at-large. His master couldn't afford sound trucks and billboards, so pooch paraded with "Vote for Magnuson" signs—successfully, too.

Then there are the hero-dogs whose worth in bones could hardly be estimated by grateful masters. Typical is the three-year-old fox terrier, Pinky, who saved the life of her owner the other day when his

boat capsized in the middle of the lake and he was knocked unconscious. The small dog pawed and nudged him until he regained consciousness and managed to grab the overturned boat.

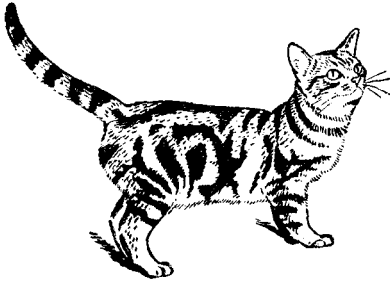
Another canine hero is getting a college education this year because of his war record. His owner, a former Marine, refused to enter Lafayette College unless his heel-tagging mongrel pet was allowed in too. Rules were put aside when the registrar heard that the dog had gamely followed the Marine in the Inchon invasion in Korea and had saved the lives of his whole section by barking an alert.

Beavers are working harder than ever in Columbia Falls, Montana, by building existing dams higher and higher and starting new ones unwanted by farmers. They've got men from the State Fish and Game Department out there studying the situation so that farmers will not be kept from watering their stock. Meantime, the beavers put in an eight-hour day.

A veteran feline worker in Eng-

land recently retired after serving five loyal years as chief taster in an animal food factory. The ginger cat had a medal hung around his neck and received praises for his long and honorable career. Said one factory executive:

"He had a better personality than his junior assistant. If Whiskers turned away in distaste from a new product, we had to scrap it."



Some willing elephants served in the experiment of a West Virginia official in a machinery firm by allowing their pulling power to be matched against that of a modern tractor.

Hitched back to back, the elephants gave it all they had and pulled the helpless tractor all around the lot. The red-faced tractor man got more power than he bargained for.

Speaking of elephants, those given plane rides by the Royal Dutch Airlines are grateful for the ministrations of a small, pretty and unusual hostess recently added to the aircrew staff. The hostess, a hen, has the special job of perching on the backs of airborne elephants in the freight service operated by the line

for zoos. It seems her presence calms the big beasts' "air nerves."

Another unusual worker is the owl employed by a Texas pecan grower. Named Pop-Pop, the horned owl makes it easy for its owner to kill destructive crows by the hundreds. Tying a three-foot twine to one of the owl's legs, the nut-rancher ties the other end to a crow, alive or dead, and hides nearby. Crows swarm down, believing one of their number in danger, and are met with a blast from the shotgun. Pop-Pop, who hates crows, doesn't mind being used as a decoy.

A gray mule named Ike spent its best years in harness in East London. He was a familiar sight, hauling his owner in his laden cart, but when Ike reached the age of 16, his master decided to retire and sell him.

One reasonable offer came in for hard-working Ike, but it was from a slaughterer. To save him from this fate, his owner gave up the idea of retirement and returned to his job of warehouseman to provide the \$5.20 a week for the mule's feed and stabling.

EARTHWORMS are even doing their part nowadays by turning into big business. A graduate of McMaster University in Canada has hired two students to care for 6,000,000 worms he's raised. The students are making enough money by "worm-sitting" to help pay their way through college, while the worm-raising tycoon sells them to fishermen.

Some critters pay back as best they can, like the hitchhiking black hen in Massachusetts that rode 15 miles on the undercarriage of a car, transferred to another along the way, and thoughtfully deposited its fare in the form of an egg.

A few animals persist in lying around eating bones or lapping up milk without working for it. A few even go out of their way to make work for their owners. In this class belongs the French poodle in Los Angeles who, at the wheel of his master's automobile, failed miserably in his first auto driving test by smash-

ing into two parked cars and knocking over a barber's pole.

Of course, if his owner hadn't parked his car and left it with the motor running, the poodle might not have seized the opportunity to show off by leaping into the front seat and striking the automatic transmission shift lever. His owner couldn't have been more surprised than when he saw his car driving away with the pooch standing up excitedly at the wheel.

Nobody knows these days what the furred and feathered citizens will try next!



Eternal Youth

Youth is not entirely a time of life — it is a state of mind. It is not wholly a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips or supple knees. It is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions, a freshness of the deep springs of life. It means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of an appetite for adventure over love of ease.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years may wrinkle the skin, but to give up interest wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair — these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whatever your years, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the undaunted challenge of events, the unflinching child-like appetite for what next, and the joy and the game of life. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair. In the central place of every heart there is a recording chamber; so long as it receives messages of beauty, cheer and courage, so long as you are young.

When the wires are all down and your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then, and then only, are you grown old.

— *General Douglas MacArthur*

Five Delusions of Appeasement

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

IT IS NOT surprising that voices of appeasement should be heard in the land as soon as the Soviet government puts on a sustained peace offensive. It is no accident that the same individuals who praised the Yalta Agreement as an example of enlightened statesmanship, and continue to justify it in retrospect, in many cases urge the Yalta methods of retreat and surrender in the Far East by recommending a policy of scuttle and run for the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu, held by Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist forces.

Mr. Walter Lippmann, in his widely syndicated column, has been alternating elaborate apologies for the Yalta deal that entrenched Soviet power in Eastern Europe and East Asia with shrill pleas for a speedy withdrawal from Quemoy and Matsu in face of the growing Chinese Red military build-up.

This word, "appeasement," ever

since the Munich conference which handed over the Sudeten areas of Czechoslovakia to Hitler, has acquired an unsavory connotation. It is only fair to offer a definition. Appeasement is the sacrifice of weaker allies and of moral principles in the face of force or the threat of force. It is surrender on the installment plan. It is very much like paying blackmail in private life or giving in to a bully; it is a process which is not likely to end.

The terms of the Yalta Agreement represent the clearest conceivable example of appeasement, and on a gigantic scale. The United States, represented by President Roosevelt, gave up the territorial integrity and the political independence of a fighting ally, Poland. It betrayed another fighting ally, Nationalist China, by consenting to sweeping political and economic concessions to the Soviet Union in Manchuria, a rightful part of the Republic of China, with-

out even informing Chiang Kai-shek.

Other features of the Yalta Agreement which represented grave departures from traditional American moral standards and from principles of international law were the authorized use of German prisoners as slave labor and the agreement to return to death or concentration camps Russian refugees from Soviet terror. And, although the Atlantic Charter is hypocritically endorsed in the text of the Yalta Agreement, the assignment of historic Polish territory to the Soviet Union and of historic and ethnic German territory to Poland and the Soviet Union were gross violations of the self-determination clauses of the Atlantic Charter.

Mr. Lippmann and other apologists for Yalta argue that Roosevelt had no choice at Yalta. Stalin was in possession, they say, and what could we do? But this line of argument overlooks the very important point that Stalin's grip on Eastern Europe would have been very shaky and hard to maintain if the United States and Great Britain had flatly refused to recognize the legitimacy of Soviet annexations outside the Soviet frontier of 1939 and of the puppet Communist regimes which were set up in areas overrun by the Red Army. Military occupation gave Stalin no more right to impose governments on Poland, Romania, Hungary and Bulgaria than it gave the United States and Great Britain the right to dictate the set-up of postwar France, Italy, Belgium or Norway.

Yalta was both a crime and a blunder. And it did not pay off, in terms of creating an atmosphere of peace and goodwill. Stalin's appetite grew with eating. It was only when resistance was substituted for appeasement, when military aid was extended to Greece and Turkey, when the blockade of Berlin was broken by the air lift, when, after protracted delay, a scheme for German rearmament was agreed on, that the threat of Soviet submergence of the European continent was abated.

ONE MAY BE SURE that any repetition of the Yalta tactics of retreat and surrender in the Far East will yield the same disastrous results. Suppose, for example, that we should put irresistible pressure on Chiang Kai-shek to withdraw from Quemoy and Matsu. (Contrary to some glib assurances to the contrary, these islands are of definite value in blocking a Red Chinese invasion of Formosa. Quemoy commands the port of Amoy; Matsu the port of Foochow. And these are the ports on the coast of China from which a naval expedition for the invasion of Formosa would most probably be launched.)

Would Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai become friendlier as a result of such a withdrawal under threat of attack? On the contrary, unless all historical experience is misleading, they would become more truculent and more ambitious, more convinced that the United States is a

"paper tiger," to be pushed around with impunity.

Mr. Lippmann and other advocates of withdrawal from Quemoy and Matsu rely heavily on two arguments. First, these islands supposedly "belong" to China. Second, abandonment of the islands will make a good impression on Great Britain and on the neutralist countries of Asia.

There is something more than faintly ridiculous in pleading the moral "right" of the Chinese Reds, who seized power and hold power by unlimited force and violence, to any bit of territory that has escaped their grasp. And it certainly seems dubious wisdom to inflict a severe blow on the confidence and morale of a convinced anti-Communist ally in deference to the wishes of governments which lack the power and, in many cases, the will, to make any contribution to defense against Communist aggression.

Both President Eisenhower and Congress, by overwhelming majorities of both Houses, have affirmed America's strategic interest in Formosa and America's determination to fight in defense of Formosa, if necessary. But the soldiers who are manning the beach heads from which an invasion of Formosa would be met are not British or Indian or Indonesian forces. They are Chinese Nationalists; and the obvious moral would seem to be that, if we are vitally concerned with the defense of Formosa, the military and polit-

ical needs of Chiang Kai-shek should receive a high priority.

Those who believed that the threat of the Communist blueprint for ultimate world domination could be effectively met by a policy of appeasement (disguised under such respectable terms as "understanding Russia," "coexistence," "relaxation of international tensions") have been proved wrong over and over again. They were wrong in their attitude, so widespread during the Second World War, that the Soviet regime had been slandered and misunderstood and was really a peace-loving democracy. They were wrong in supporting the betrayals of Yalta. They were wrong in throwing Nationalist China to the Communist wolves. They were wrong in opposing the speediest and fullest rearmament of West Germany within the framework of an Atlantic alliance.

AT THE ROOT of appeasement thinking are five delusions, which should be recognized, analyzed and exposed. These are:

(1) Failure to recognize the difference between the cause of war and the occasion for war.

It is a familiar debating trick of those who favor perpetual retreat before Communism to take some small and distant spot on the map and ask rhetorically whether it is worth a war. Recently, for instance, there has been much talk of the alleged danger of being drawn into war "over Quemoy and Matsu."

The fallacy in putting the question in this way is the unspoken but quite false assumption that all would be well and peace would be assured if Quemoy and Matsu were handed over to the Chinese Reds without a struggle. There is nothing to prove that this would be the case, and much evidence to the contrary.

Have we forgotten so soon the long series of concessions to Hitler, each of which was supposed to satisfy his "positively last" demand?

Before the Second World War, Stalin announced as Soviet foreign policy: "We shall not yield an inch of our own soil; we do not want a foot of foreign soil." But during and after the war, Stalin took not "a foot," but several hundred thousand square miles of foreign soil: Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, large chunks of Poland, Romania, Finland and Czechoslovakia, Outer Mongolia, the Kurile Islands, South Sakhalin.

Not long ago, a Frenchman named Marcel Deat, who had lived in hiding since the end of the war, died in Italy. He may be remembered in history as the man who coined the phrase: "Why die for Danzig?" This had the same surface appeal, the same inner fallacy as the loaded question, posed by some who would give in to the Chinese Reds: "Why die for Quemoy and Matsu?" A France that was deeply divided over "dying for Danzig" proved unable to defend Paris. An America that threw over one ally after another in

the Orient would some day find itself in the position of having to protect San Francisco and Los Angeles against the mass manpower of an Asia united in Communist slavery.

An incident in our own Civil War should finally expose this fallacy of confusing an occasion of war with a cause of war. The firing on Fort Sumter, an "offshore island" by the way, was the spark that touched off a terrible fratricidal conflict. But would anyone seriously suggest that, if Lincoln had given up Fort Sumter without firing a shot, the underlying cause of this conflict, the opposed beliefs in North and South about states' rights and slavery, would have ceased to exist?

(2) A misplaced faith in the value of personal diplomacy and of talk for talk's sake.

Along with this goes a willingness to trade substance for shadow, to acquiesce in the clamping down of Communist dictatorship in an area in exchange for vague assurances that a free election will be held some time in the future.

The record of personal diplomacy, whether one considers Chamberlain at Berchtesgaden and Munich, or Roosevelt at Teheran and Yalta, has been singularly bad. The most promising and effective agreements are not those which are worked out hastily "at the summit," where the pressure for immediate results is stronger on the representatives of the free countries than it is on the

spokesmen for Communism. It is necessary to examine every Communist proposal minutely and carefully for time-bombs and booby-traps, to read and reread the fine print of Communist draft treaties. This simply cannot be done in brief spectacular meetings of heads of governments.

Nor is there any reason to regard talk for the mere sake of talk as having any special merit. Talk can be a smoke screen behind which military power is being built up while the vigilance of the free countries is blunted. Talk can be a means of extracting some propaganda or prestige advantage. It is difficult to see what useful purpose will be served by a talk between the Chinese Reds and the United States, to the exclusion of the Chinese Nationalists. If the Chinese Reds want a cease-fire in the Formosa waters, they can cease firing and building up air bases which are a threat to Formosa.

(3) The naïve faith that Communist aggression can be effectively checked, not by placing weapons in the hands of peoples prepared to resist, but by indiscriminate economic handouts.

This is linked up with the assumption that passive or unfriendly neutrals deserve as much consideration as fighting allies. But there is no warrant in reason or common sense for the conviction that welfare projects in India or Indonesia would be any substitute for modern weapons in the hands of South Korean,

Chinese Nationalist and Japanese soldiers, or would seriously affect the outcome of the struggle to save Asia from Communist domination.

(4) An American national guilt and inferiority complex, which often takes the form of assuming, regardless of evidence, that we are wrong and our allies (or even nations that are not allies) are right on all disputed issues.

An alliance is a partnership, in which the voices of all the partners deserve a hearing. But it is also true that it is the duty of a leader in international affairs to lead and that there is little prospect for the success of an alliance which is slowed down to the pace of its slowest and least reliable member.

As a matter of factual record, American judgment on such issues as the acceptance of Germany into the Western partnership, non-recognition of Red China, cooperation with Spain, does not suffer by comparison with that of its associates. Yet some Americans join the disparaging chorus in foreign capitals which views the United States as useful enough to bail foreign countries out of their wars and support them lavishly in postwar reconstruction, but as a crude immature nation which should be guided in big decisions by the judgment of its supposedly wiser and more experienced foreign "friends."

(5) An escapist attitude toward the facts of international life.

One of the most important of these facts is that the United States must depend for its integrity and security, first on its own strength, second on realistic military alliances, concluded with nations which are going our way in foreign policy, and not at all on the ironically misnamed United Nations.

The United Nations, as anyone can learn by merely reading through its Charter, was founded on the assumption that there would be close postwar cooperation between the Soviet Union, China and three Western powers, the United States, Great Britain and France. This assumption, in the light of Soviet aggression and the capture of China by the Reds, is entirely obsolete. Since the UN, under its Charter, can take no effective action unless the Big Five powers are in accord, it has proved as superfluous as the appendix in the human body. The UN has not been able to make its decisions stick, even on small issues like the frontiers of Israel and Kashmir. The token contributions of a minority of its members in the Korean War were more than offset by the backseat driving which prevented the United States from pursuing a strategy that would have led to decisive victory.

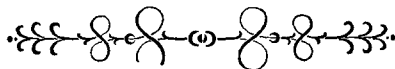
Yet, in the face of this unbroken and inevitable record of failure, there are individuals, whose hearts are perhaps in better con-

dition than their heads, who would have the United States abdicate its sovereignty and risk its security by placing unlimited faith in this organization of proven impotence.

MUCH of the willingness to accept courses which savor of appeasement is rooted in the very human and widespread desire for peace. But all historical experience, including much very recent experience, shows that there is no peace in appeasement, only war under less favorable circumstances. If the new fluid period in international relations, with the possibility of talks "at the summit," is not to lead to the heartbreak and disgrace of Yalta, any compact signed by America's representatives must satisfy three conditions:

- It must not sacrifice something substantial, like American overseas air bases, for some shadowy Soviet paper promise.
- It should liberate people from Communist tyranny, not bring more people into the Soviet slave empire.
- It must give Americans reason to feel they are more secure, not less secure.

These are the acid tests which American public opinion should apply to any negotiations with Moscow and Peiping.



DAN PARKER

Conscience of the Sports World

BY HOWARD RUSHMORE

A FEW YEARS ago a fight manager was having great success with a lightweight named Luther "Slugger" White. This entrepreneur guided his tiger through the fistic jungles with considerable skill and finally achieved national recognition for "Slugger," a feat requiring some dexterity considering young White was fighting with a plastic eye.

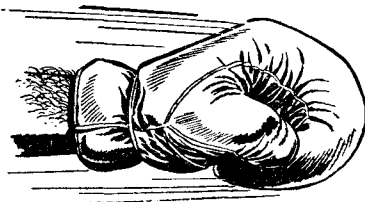
In the boxing world, man's inhumanity to man is a phrase taken lightly, particularly by managers. "Slugger's" handicap might have gone unnoticed if Dan Parker hadn't got wind of what was up and exposed the fact that White was on his way to permanent blindness. Whereupon the kid's manager called up Parker at the New York *Mirror* where Dan has been sports editor since 1926 and bewailed the calamity of "Slugger" being "robbed of a livelihood."

Parker, who views such managers with the same distaste that Joe McCarthy eyes Alger Hiss,

hung up on the screaming promoter and tore him apart in the next day's column. The fighter was retired, still able to see out of his remaining eye and Parker had won another manager's enmity.

The list of crooks, grafters and mobsters who hate the amiable, gargantuan Parker is a long one and increases almost daily with the publication of another column under Dan's by-line. The hoodlums who guided Primo Carnera to the heavyweight throne used to call Parker and threaten to blast him to bits with Tommyguns. Such reactions occasionally leave the six-four 250-pounder in a pensive mood during which he says, "Sometimes I feel that I haven't a friend in the world."

No one takes Dan literally. He received more than 25,000 enthusiastic fan letters last year and the thieves of the sports world are often greeted at ringside or the track with hoots of "Wait until you read Parker's col-



umn tomorrow." Damon Runyon, himself a sharp man with a literary lash, once said: "I'd rather have a rattlesnake after me than Dan Parker."

Such ex-sportswriters as Westbrook Pegler bemoan the fact that the old-fashioned reporter who used to unmask the crooks in sports are as extinct as the dodo. They forget Parker, who has won a flock of awards for blasting the phonies for almost 30 years. "I never looked on my job as a popularity contest," says Dan. He doesn't criticize his brethren in the craft, outside of observing: "It must be a pleasant existence if a sportswriter sees only the nice side of life."

YET AWAY from his typewriter, life does have a nice side for Parker. Like most big men, Parker is quiet, almost shy, and loves nothing more than a romp with his 11-year-old daughter in his eight-room Bronxville home, far away from the turmoil of the *Mirror's* city room. His chief weapon is a trout fly rod and his favorite author is Marcel Proust. He doesn't smoke or drink and stays out of the night spots. His idea of an evening out is a movie with his pretty wife Norma and a dinner at some quiet restaurant. Dan's staff is dedicated to him and in turn Parker lets his sportswriters call the shots the way they see them, even though he may disagree.

The courage that saw him defy the mob who threatened his life is

no casual thing. Early in World War I, Parker tried to enlist, was rejected because he was — of all things — underweight. He wasn't any heavier in 1918, but the long arm of the draft reached out, and Dan found himself in uniform after all. Then, developing stomach ulcers, he underwent an operation while in the Army rather than take a medical discharge.

After service in France, he returned to reporting and was hired by Gene Fowler, then the *Mirror's* sports editor, in 1924. His column has been a fixture in the morning tabloid ever since.

His targets include the high and the mighty as well as the obscure bums in sports. Crooked jockeys, baseball owners who throw verbal curves, tennis prima donnas and football "recruiters" have felt the sting of the Parker lash. So did Senator A. B. "Happy" Chandler. Dan contended that Chandler was not qualified to be Baseball Commissioner and kept up the argument for six years. In the end, the baseball bosses agreed with him.

Following the recent tragedy at the Indianapolis Memorial Day race, Parker wrote: "Nothing is proved by these annual flirtations with death except that, even in the most skillful hands, a speeding automobile, whether outside or inside the fence, is one of the most dangerous weapons."

Mixed with this acid is a lot of warm heart and more than one ath-

lete, forgotten by the public for years, is astonished to receive hundreds of letters and gifts following a Parker announcement that the has-been hero is in the hospital.

RIGHT NOW Parker is violently opposing the creeping monopoly in the fight game and his typewriter is aimed dead-center at the all-powerful International Boxing Commission. Parker claims the IBC and TV are "killing boxing."

TV or not TV, that is the question that most often bothers the genial giant of 45th Street. Parker is gloomy about the effects of the cameras on boxing, is worried about TV and baseball.

"Even our best regulated sport is gradually being taken over by TV and it's ruining the minor leagues. Some day we'll either have sports in studios for the sole benefit of the TV audience or we'll see it in the flesh with the fans there cheering or hooting. I like my sports live."

But he admits with a grin that he

watches many fights and ball games in the comfort of his Bronxville living room that he used to cover from the press box.

Although he looks twenty years younger than his 62 seasons, Parker still retains a fresh, almost boyish love of sports — sports vigorously fought, honestly played. There's no artifice in his crusade against the thieves in his world. Dan Parker believes sports should be clean and kept that way.

Dan sometimes incurs the enmity of certain magnates in the sporting world, because of the exposés he writes in his column, "The Broadway Bugle." Shady fight promoters have held up delivery of his press tickets, and *Mirror* writers have been ousted from certain of the big league training camps, because some alleged "big shot" didn't like what he had written.

But Dan will go right on writing his column — keeping up his fight to make sport the fine, clean thing it was meant to be.



BATTING AROUND BASEBALL

⊗ The Memphis Park Commission agreed to relocate a school baseball diamond where floodlights at night games kept Gene Buffa's chrysanthemums "up half the night and make them bloom too early."

⊗ No more dime tips for the proud New York Yankees. Manager Casey Stengel posted a notice that informed his ballplayers: "Tipping — 25 cents for breakfast, 50 cents for dinner, \$1 a week for room maid."

BY FREDA UTLEY

No Easy Way Out

ON MAY 16 last, Senator Knowl-
and, speaking in Cleveland,
reminded Americans that:
“This nation was not born,
nor did it grow to its position of
greatness, based on a policy of fear,
but rather on one of faith and
courage.”

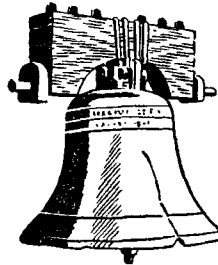
Today, for the first time since the
American Revolution, these United
States are in mortal peril. But, in-
stead of facing up to the dangers
which threaten our very existence
as a free nation, our politicians and
journalists vie with one another in
frightening us into impotence, or
lulling us into a false sense of se-
curity. When not ridden by night-
mare fears of atomic war, the Amer-
ican people have their minds and
senses dulled by the opiate of wish-
ful thinking. When not being threat-
ened by “an end to civi-
lization” as the conse-
quence of using our power
to exorcise the specter
of Communism which
haunts the world, they
are being told that a
painless peace can be won
by “give and take,”
meeting Moscow “half

way,” “mutual understanding,” and
an unending shower of dollars poured
out everywhere in the world.

Those who tell them the facts
of international life are looked upon
with disfavor or given the silent
treatment by the press. Those, who
dare to suggest that the only way
to avoid certain war in the future
is to risk armed conflict while we
are still stronger than those whose
aim is to destroy us, are denounced
as “war mongers,” or held in horror
as advocates of “preventive war.”
Patriotism is equated with “na-
tionalism,” which has become an
ugly word associated with Fascists,
Nazis or “reactionaries.” Today a
Patrick Henry would be denounced
as a war monger, John Paul Jones
as a super-patriot, and Paul Revere
as a McCarthyite. Even George

Washington might be re-
garded by our “liberals”
as little better than the
late Senator McCarran
for his order at Valley
Forge to “put only
Americans on guard to-
night.”

Instead of pursuing a
courageous, realistic and



intelligent foreign policy in consonance with our national interests, and in support of the nations who are loyal to us and to the cause of freedom, we are ruled by fear. Not only fear of atomic war, but also fear of being called "imperialists" by the Communists or by Mr. Nehru; or fear of "alienating our allies" — a term usually taken to refer only to England and France. For the very same people who would have us let Britain decide our foreign policy urge us to crack down on Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek because they want to fight for the liberation of their countrymen.

The cowardly and the blind, the wishful thinkers and foolish optimists, the Anglophiles and the anti-anti-Communists, and those who neither know, nor wish to know, anything about Communism and the clear and present danger it constitutes, are praised by a press which is more concerned in pleasing the customer than in telling the truth. And in this age when the people are king, it pays to flatter and please them. Hence few of the elected representatives of the people, and even fewer publications, dare to tell the public that there is no easy way out of the dangerous situation in which we find ourselves.

SENATOR KNOWLAND is the outstanding exception. He has dared, again and again, to court unpopularity among the opium eaters by calling upon us to face the facts

with courage and without illusions.

Speaking to the Senate on November 15 last, the California Senator said: "Coexistence and atomic stalemate will result in ultimate Communist victory . . . we must face up to the fact that the Communist concept of 'peaceful coexistence' means that the United States or other free nations will be allowed to exist only until Communism is able to subvert them from within or destroy them from without."

Knowland also warned that by placing the Soviet Union "off limits," we are serving notice on each intended victim of aggression that heroic resistance to Communist conquest can bring upon it no better fate than that of devastated and divided Korea. Thus, one small or weak nation after another, knowing that we shall never attack "the body of the octopus," is likely to accept Soviet terms rather than call upon us for aid. Consequently, the Communist world will be so extended that it will eventually be able to challenge the United States "to surrender or die."

Most of our latter day "liberals" lack even the courage of their convictions. Few of them admit that they consider slavery preferable to the risk of death. One of the exceptions is Lewis Mumford who, in a letter published in the *New York Times*, stated unequivocally that "submission to Communist totalitarianism would be far wiser than the final destruction of civilization."

This statement implies that Communist rule is *not* barbaric, in contrast to that of the Nazis — whom Mr. Mumford and his kind wanted us to wipe off the face of the earth at any cost in “blood, sweat and tears.”

Since many, and possibly a majority, of Americans are by now aware that Communism constitutes a far greater menace to our liberties and our national existence than the Nazis and Fascists ever did, we have less to fear from the Mumfords who tell us to love life more than liberty than from those who imagine that the terrible choice between slavery or death can be avoided by wishing hard, or by emulating the stone monkeys on Lincoln Cathedral who neither saw, nor heard, nor spoke evil.

As an extreme example of the doctrine of Salvation Through Senselessness, I quote from a recent speech by Margaret Chase Smith, in which she said: “Peace can be achieved by thinking peace and talking peace. At least, I am convinced that war may be brought on by constantly thinking and talking war. All this arguing about war over Quemoy and Matsu is a mistake. We’re hurting the cause of peace.”

The soft-minded Senator from Maine is only one among many good and popular Americans who believe that the late Dr. Coué’s formula for abolishing disease can be successfully applied in the sphere of international relations. Couéism, it may be remembered, was the belief that you could cure yourself of sickness simply

by saying with conviction: “Every day in every way, I get better and better.”

THE COMMUNISTS and their dupes have illusions or narcotics to sell, suited to every taste, and all equally potent for their purpose of paralyzing the Free World’s will to resist. One of the most dangerous, because it appeals to our competitive instinct and self-respect, instead of to our capacity for make-believe, is illustrated by a speech made by Barry Goldwater of Arizona.

As quoted by a columnist in the *Los Angeles Times* on April 25, this Senator “said he believed the struggle with Communism will work out as a peaceful competition . . . [and] will end when one side or the other has proved that its way of life is spiritually and materially acceptable to the world’s people.”

This particular illusion was specially designed for the American businessman, whether he be a Republican like Goldwater, or a New Dealer of the Paul Hoffman type, or a “liberal” Republican like Stassen. Conceiving of the rulers of Soviet Russia as men like themselves, although misguided, and of the peoples of the Soviet Empire as adherents of Communism, instead of as its victims, they imagine that if we can convince our Russian or Chinese Communist “competitors” that our system is better than theirs, everyone will adopt it, and there will be One World, peaceful

and free. They simply cannot understand that the rulers of the Communist world want to retain their absolute power, privileges and perquisites as absolute rulers of subject peoples, and to save their necks, must destroy our better system which offers a perpetual threat to them by its power of attraction to their enslaved peoples.

The most potent of the drugs being administered to the American people to lull them into a false sense of security is the argument that the "battle for men's minds" will decide the issue between the Free World and the Communists.

In the words of Chief Justice Warren in Chicago on August 19, 1954: "If we are to achieve a peaceful world it will be accomplished through ideas rather than armaments; through a sense of justice and mutual friendship rather than with guns and bombs and guided missiles. We are living in a world of ideas and are going through a world war of ideas. Everywhere there is a contest for the hearts and minds of people."

ONE could cite innumerable other examples of this kind of escapist thinking, based on complete failure to grasp the fact that Communism advances from strength to strength *not* by its "power of attraction" but by the fear it inspires of the terrible punishments inflicted on those who resist it.

As a prime example, take Mrs.

Agnes E. Meyer's lecture to the commencement audience at Mills College, California, on June 12 of this year, in which she predicted that the conflict between democracy and Communism would be decided not by military power, but on the "ideological issue" of which could create "the good society that will fulfill mankind's deepest human needs and highest aspirations."

Wouldn't it be nice if this were true? No wonder that the writers and politicians who tell the public this pleasant fairy tale are very popular.

Today, we have the anti-anti-Communists telling us that all things will be rendered unto us if we are very patient with the Communists however great the provocation, and if we engage in good works, everywhere in the world, to show how much better we are than our opponents.

The President himself has frequently spoken as if it were up to us to show *our* peaceful intentions, *our* lack of imperialist ambitions, and the "progressive" nature of *our* system, as if all that were necessary to win peace, and cause the Communists to cease troubling us were to convince them and the "neutrals," together with our faint-hearted allies, that no one need fear us however big the stick we carry.

For instance, at his press conference on April 27 last, Eisenhower, after expressing his "feeling" that things were "on the upswing," said:

"More of the world is beginning finally to have confidence that the United States is not trying to establish a new form of colonialism . . . [and] is beginning to understand that we are a peaceful people . . . Now this you see coming out in a number of ways. Suddenly Russia says: 'We are ready to conclude the Austrian Treaty now.'"

In similar vein, President Truman, back in July, 1948 (when misunderstanding of the causes of "world tensions" was more excusable than now), stated: "By making possible the formulation and execution of liberal reforms such as the nationalization of certain industries and land redistribution, which are desired by a majority of Koreans, this policy should also help to broaden the basis for an understanding with the Russians."

What these two statements have in common is an underlying belief that the rulers of the Communist Empire seek the same goal as ourselves by other means. Truman wanted to show them how "progressive" we are; Eisenhower wishes to assure them that they have nothing to fear from us. The present Republican, like the former Democratic Administration fails to realize that if we are to hold our own, and hearten others to resist Communist conquest, or to liberate themselves from Communist slavery, what is required of us is not evidence of our peaceful intentions or "progressive" aims, but an assurance that

we shall help those who help themselves and are ready to fight beside us against the enemies of liberty. The weak will never be attracted by a weak policy, and the brave need an assurance that there is a banner in the West to which they can repair.

Is it simply fear that in another world war we shall be the bombed, instead of only the bombers, or that "civilization will be wiped out" in an atomic war whoever wins, which inspires our faint-hearted attitude toward Communist aggression, the general desire for peace at almost any price, and our indifference to the fate of the millions of people enslaved by the Communists who cry to us in vain for help? Or is part of the explanation of our proclaimed readiness to coexist in peace with the Communist tyrants to be found in a sneaking sympathy for their "progressive" aims in the minds of our opinion makers?

WHATEVER inspires their double-think or double standards, one thing is sure. Today our "liberal" commentators and columnists, editorial writers and foreign correspondents use the reputations, prestige and circulation, which they won in the era when it was popular to be pink, to frighten or persuade us to go further along the appeasement road than poor old Neville Chamberlain would have considered either possible or desirable.

The friends and lovers of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and all New Deal-

ers in good standing, far from believing that "we have nothing to fear but fear itself," now tell us that U.S. policy should be guided by fear. The very same people who, in 1939, blamed the "Men of Munich" for bringing on World War II by emboldening the Nazis to attack, now tell us that concessions to Moscow and Peking, and repeated reassurances by us that we want peace at almost any price, far from making war certain in the future, will secure peace beyond our time.

Instead of realizing that our only hope of avoiding the choice between the horror of atomic war or submission to Communist slavery is to pursue a bold policy which *risks* war while we are still stronger than our enemies, we are being advised to end the Cold War at any cost to our friends behind the Iron Curtain, and to the next generation of Americans. Men and women who have the effrontery to call themselves liberals want us to extinguish all hope of liberation among the enslaved peoples of the Communist Empire in Europe, China and North Korea, by agreeing to "coexist" peacefully with the tyrants who rule over them.

Today it is as "popular" to believe in the possibility of "peaceful coexistence" with the Communist Empire as it used to be unpopular to approve of Neville Chamberlain's "appeasement" of Hitler.

As William White wrote in the *New York Times* on April 10 last, the Democratic Party which "while

in power argued for an aggressive creative willingness to take risks — especially in Europe . . . and which so resolutely refused to appease the Nazi-Fascists of some twenty years ago, now walks constantly in fear of being called 'appeasers' concerning the Communists in Asia."

IT is not only the Democrats who have reversed their positions. Today we have almost as many anti-Communists and appeasers in the Republican Party as among the neo-New Dealers. The propaganda of the "liberals" over the past quarter of a century has created the Western climate of opinion, and so confused our minds that most people do not view Communist and Nazi or Fascist aggression or crimes against humanity in the same light. The idea persists that the Communists would be "peace loving" if they did not feel "insecure," and that their atrocities are committed for a "progressive" aim.

For instance, David Low wrote in the *New York Times* Sunday Magazine on October 15, 1950: "The infant Nazi was brought up on a creed of war, but the infant Communist on a creed of peace." This is, of course, nonsense, as might have been learned by the famous British cartoonist if he troubled to read both the Communist credo and record. But maybe Mr. Low thinks it is only wicked to kill foreigners and that to massacre the "class enemy" in one's own country or

abroad is permissible to pacifists.

In the Eighteenth century, there were no atom bombs or guided missiles, or tanks and planes. But death came as readily from a musket shot or from bayonet wounds, or from starvation and disease, as to the bombed victims of modern total war. The might of England then, in comparison with the strength of the thirteen American colonies which dared to defy it, was as fearful and powerful a force as the Soviet Empire today. The odds against victory for America in 1776 were far greater than the chances of our victory against the Communists today, if only we have the courage to enlist on our side the hearts and minds and courage of all who prefer death to slavery.

The advantage enjoyed by our ancestors was not freedom from fear of atomic bombs, but freedom from the power now exercised by the fearful and the gullible; by the ignorant who know not what they do; and by the conscious or unconscious agents of our enemies protected by our Constitution.

THERE is little doubt that if Americans understood the danger they face, they would be as brave as their ancestors, or as the United States Air Force pilot in Formosa who had flown 400 combat missions, and who wrote to Senator Knowl- and that he would rather fly 400 more than "see my kind of world go

down the drain; one island, or one small country at a time."

The gravest danger which confronts us is that the courage and resolution of the American people are being undermined by nightmare fears and the narcotic of false hopes. Our will to resist the Communist conquest of the world is being paralyzed both by those who tell us that all civilized life will be destroyed by a Third World War, whoever wins it; and by the sedulously propagated illusion that the Communists advance from strength to strength, by their "power of attraction," with the corollary that if we prove ourselves to be more virtuous, peace-loving, generous, self-denying or "progressive" than our enemies, we shall not need to fight.

Maybe we shall have to face the horrors of atomic war. Maybe there is no other way out because we failed to use our atomic power monopoly while we had it, to roll back the Iron Curtain, and liberate the peoples delivered to Communist slavery at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam. One thing is certain: The war so greatly feared will be all the more terrible, and could even be lost through panic, if we fail to prepare for it psychologically as well as militarily.

The only fear we should be governed by is that of the siren voices which promise us an easy way out through the sacrifice of principle, honor and the freedom and security of our children.

Surprises in the Suburbs

BY EDGAR C. HANFORD

MILLIONS of young American couples are in a wild scramble to move themselves and their babies and belongings into new homes. It has become a national mania.

Most of these youthful dreamers are migrating from the comparative safety — financial and otherwise — of city quarters to the gaudy “mod-

tance of most cities. So, there’s no place for the promoters to go but many miles out into the raw, unimproved hinterlands, far beyond the range of adequate utilities and other necessary services.

The rush for home-sites has become so acute that some promoters are building on totally unsuitable



ern” houses which are mushrooming in yesterday’s cornfields and cow pastures — often miles distant from most of the conveniences commonly associated with urban living.

In fact, the mass movements of families are no longer to city suburbs but to the open areas out beyond the suburbs.

That’s because the 9.4 million houses built in this country since 1945 have crowded much of the usable land within reasonable dis-

land — old refuse dumps covered with a thin skin of earth, boggy land and peat bottoms, where house foundations can sink almost overnight unless expensively shored up with piling.

So it’s to be expected that the considerable majority of eager young couples now buying homes in the outlands are inviting themselves into a mess of troubles that are likely to rub the stars out of their eyes — and leave them disgruntled, un-

happy families, glad to escape back to more agreeable city life — if they can.

Many of these youngsters, but recently out of military service, have no definite ideas about living costs, or their abilities to keep up payments, plus the inevitable extra assessments, on new homes. And they never think about the thousand-and-one things that can happen — and usually do.

When applying for mortgage loans, some of them don't even know their net monthly incomes. If that's hard to believe, ask an officer of any building and loan association!

It's an old rule in home buying that the cost should not exceed two and one half times the annual net income.

With today's high living costs, that's a tight schedule of fixed expenses for the privilege of home ownership, but it can be managed if the home comes first.

But it doesn't come first with many families. They like to entertain and to travel, and they must own a car, a TV set and all the other gadgets which now bewitch home owners. These take big bites out of incomes of most young couples.

But even assuming these babes-in-the-woods are financially able to keep up payments on a new house, they face a mess of problems — all mighty harassing and expensive — when they plant themselves far out in the country.

Most distressing of the problems out where the crickets chirp is the totally inadequate water supply. It doesn't much matter in what area of the country the house is located, the problem's the same. And it's not likely to be licked until grandchildren are bawling for a drink — if then.

While water mains may have been installed, they're usually of such low capacity as to be totally inadequate when more than a minimum number of houses have been connected. Which means there's insufficient water pressure for even such commonplace and very necessary activity as toilet flushing.

The same goes for sewers. Sure, there's probably a sewer line to which the house plumbing is connected. But the pipe is of such small diameter that sewage keeps backing up into the basements and toilets, especially when the rains deluge the countryside.

In many outlying communities, far removed from adequate sewer mains, the residents have had to build their own sewage disposal plants, at an assessment cost of several dollars monthly.

THIS MATTER of adequate water and sewer mains far out in the countryside is a nationwide problem that has everybody stumped. An eight-inch main may be sufficient for the new community it will serve, but what happens when another subdivision is started out beyond,

and its promoters want to tie into the existing water and sewer mains?

Obviously, sixteen-inch or larger mains should have been laid originally to provide adequate service for a number of subdivisions. But these new communities have sprung up so rapidly that the financing of adequate water and sewer mains has become unsolvable for befuddled public officials.

Then there's the important matter of adequate streets. And the paving has often been laid to last just long enough to enable the promoter to get all his houses sold to the unsuspecting and pitifully ignorant suckers!

Did you ever see a street in a cow pasture subdivision that was wide enough for two-way traffic when cars are parked opposite each other at the curbs?

But few of the starry-eyed migrants accurately check the mileage to and from work, or estimate how long it will take to drive back and forth. This can be really tough, because roads connecting suburbs with nearby cities are becoming so congested that driving is a nightmare, as well as the cause of a substantial percentage of auto accidents.

Competent police and fire protection is, of course, left behind when one moves out where these protective city services are not available. Both cost plenty to set up and maintain, and taxes just don't provide that kind of money. There may be a county police force, but

its very limited personnel and equipment make it impotent for any effective and efficient protection for outlying subdivisions.

Adequate fire protection is even more expensive, and it's not available in most of the thousands of clusters of new homes which daub the countryside. The nearest fire-plug and the nearest firehouse are more likely to be miles away than nearby. What this does to fire insurance rates is pretty obvious.

AS FOR adequate school facilities, these just don't exist in or near thousands of new communities. As a result, the kids have to be toted long distances to schools already badly over-crowded, insufficiently staffed and provided with very inadequate facilities.

Schools are a major national problem, but this problem is much more serious out where the township and county officials don't have money to take care of the needs of booming populations.

Who's going to pay for new schools? Taxes on the new houses are likely to provide only a small percentage of the cost of all required services, and their combined value is far from sufficient to meet the legal requirements for a school bond issue.

But, assuming that schools and all the other necessary community facilities are provided eventually, the resultant astronomical tax rate increase could well be the millstone

that drags down the "benefited" home owners to financial disaster.

These facts were emphasized at a convention of the National Association of Home Builders. Speaker after speaker described in depressing detail the complete inability of practically all townships and counties to provide even a small portion of such facilities as adequate streets, water, sewers and schools, which are being demanded by home owners who have let themselves be caught in the mass migrations to corn-field developments.

And the problems, the home builders were told, will become increasingly difficult by 1960!

In fact, they already are so serious that many suburban areas are beginning to show signs of blight and obsolescence — a sure indication that these areas eventually will become slums.

BUT ALL this is far from the complete story with respect to living in former cow pastures.

Not so serious in these days of home freezers, but still a problem of sorts, is the distance of many corn-field communities from food markets, drugstores and other establishments which supply every-day necessities. Any wife without a car of her own has to be a genius in substituting when she's isolated far from stores.

This becomes an especially tough problem if there are no deliveries of such necessities as milk, newspapers,

laundry and dry-cleaned garments. And how far away is the mail box, and the nearest filling station? And will the garbage have to be burned in the back yard because there is no collection service?

But there are still other problems likely to confront families moving into far-distant neighborhoods of new homes.

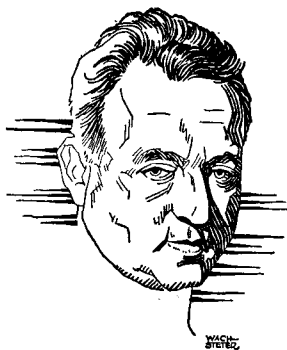
What assurance do they have that the neighborhood will not deteriorate, either because of lack of the necessary community facilities and services, or because of the influx of highly undesirable factories and businesses?

The swelling nationwide migration to distant new pastureland subdivisions has, naturally, caught township and county officials unprepared. But in many areas these officials are imposing tough codes to discourage further home-building, because the tax returns are totally inadequate to provide the necessary and very expensive facilities the migrants are demanding.

And the situation is further complicated by the maze of local governments, each jealous of its prerogatives, and unwilling to work out solutions on a broad county-wide or area basis.

It adds up to a sorry prospect for too many of these starry-eyed settlers. They're in for rough sledding, financially and in many other respects.

They're dumbly asking for it — and they'll surely get it!



Quakers As Salesmen

I see by the papers that six American Quakers, headed by Clarence E. Pickett of Philadelphia, made the long trek to Soviet Russia in June on a truly extraordinary mission. Their believe-it-or-not purpose, as reported with a straight face by the New York *Times* out of Moscow, was to teach the Communists salesmanship or "merchandising know-how." (Should anyone think this too far-fetched to be credible, the dispatch appeared on June 9th.) A member of a reputable firm of industrial consultants was in the party, presumably as the special carrier of the precious gift.

The enterprise is ludicrous on the face of it. The salesmanship and merchandising methods of a free economy are about as relevant to the

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Soviet economy as our Bill of Rights and *habeas corpus* are to the Soviet political system.

Not one but all American industrial efficiency experts combined could hardly solve the problems of distributing goods that don't exist or are chronically in short supply — in an economy doomed by its nature to utter poverty, in a country where the mere rumor that something is for sale produces tragically long queues of would-be buyers.

I am reminded of a talk I gave, soon after my return from Moscow many years ago, at a luncheon meeting of the New York Advertising Club.

"You gentlemen," I said, "may have something to learn from the Soviets. In Russia today all conceivable media are being used to sell a set of ideas to an entire nation — the most ambitious selling job on record. Of course, the Soviet salesmen do have one advantage over you: *they shoot their competitors.*"

My first reaction to the news of the Quaker assignment was amusement. A hilarious farce could be writ-

By Eugene Lyons

ten around their undertaking. One could imagine Mr. Pickett and his associates discoursing on American packaging, let us say, and being apprised by Comrade Mikoyan that the only materials available in shops were old copies of *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. Endless openings for satire might be provided by a lecture on Sears-Roebuck and Montgomery Ward techniques as applied to *kolkhozes*. Even the lady member of the mission, who edits a Quaker paper in Indiana and is no economist, could point out that a vast new market for sales — a whopping ten percent of the population — is represented by the inhabitants of Soviet concentration camps.

The climactic scene almost writes itself. The industrial consultant is making his final report to the Politburo.

"Gentlemen of the Kremlin," he says, "I have analyzed your merchandising problems in accordance with standard procedures long used by my firm. My conclusions are so simple and obvious that I wonder why you haven't seen them for yourselves long ago.

"Successful salesmanship requires, first of all, that you have something to sell. I recommend, therefore, that you restore free enterprise, return the land to the farmers, provide ordinary personal liberties for everybody — in short, that you scrap the whole Soviet system, top to toe, and start over again.

"At first blush, gentlemen, this

may sound drastic. But it's a basic principle of good business practice — and that's what we Quakers are here to teach you — to abandon methods that prove unworkable and return to the true and tried. False pride is not for practical merchandisers. Besides, again in line with American practice, I have polled typical consumers and can report that they approve my recommendations with amazing unanimity and almost embarrassing enthusiasm. So you can count on 100 percent support of your customers which, of course, is the heart of successful merchandising."

The speaker and his fellow-missionaries look bewildered as they are dragged off to the Liubyanka cellars amidst cries of "Sabotage! Wreckers! Mad dogs!"

BUT on soberer consideration, my initial amusement faded out. In its place came sadness tinged with despair. The spectacle of high-minded Americans engaged in such grotesquerie is disheartening.

Soviet Russia's millions assuredly have need of Quaker intercession — in terms of mercy, sympathy, understanding. The goods with which Mr. Pickett and his associates, as Americans and as Christians, should have concerned themselves are those of the human spirit: the freedom to think, the freedom to worship, relief from the terrors of mass purges and liquidations.

If the Russian people ever hear of

the Quaker mission to teach their despots merchandising, they will not believe it. They will dismiss it as just some more anti-American propaganda, too bizarre to be taken seriously. Those among them who know something about Quaker tradition and doctrine — and many Russians do — will assume that if American Friends really did journey to their prison-land it must have been on some errand of mercy: to protest against injustice, to plead against slave labor, to succor the suffering and heal the humiliated. Why should they believe the self-evident absurdity that the supreme problem to which the Friendly Visitors addressed themselves in this land of ruthless oppression and Godless dictatorship was “salesmanship”? There is a limit to credulity.

Certainly moral sensitivity is at a frightening low when even humane Quakers can find it in their hearts to preach improved salesmanship in a human slaughterhouse.

P.S. — A later Moscow dispatch reported that the missionaries presented the authorities with a farewell memorandum urging peace, friendlier relations and such. Apparently they did not get around to mentioning minor matters like terror, dictatorship, slave labor, and atheism as a state religion. The correspondents, I regret to say, did not indicate whether the gift of American commercial know-how was delivered and how it was received.

Who's Hysterical?

This America of ours is a rather shabby and hopeless place, plagued by fears and threats and insoluble problems, without goodness or grandeur to relieve the bleakness. This would have to be the judgment of any foreigner, if it were based solely on the “awards” and “citations” for outstanding performance in the magazine field during 1954, just announced by the University of Illinois, the so-called Benjamin Franklin Awards.

A few of the articles crowned with laurels are neutral, dealing with subjects that have no political or social implications. But the rest — all the honor-winning articles with a political content — are far from complimentary to these United States. Overwhelmingly, to put the matter bluntly, they reflect the Leftist and totalitarian-liberal lines of the moment.

The only periodical loaded down with three sets of laurels is *The Reporter*: (1) for an article on “What Happens to a Victim of Nameless Accusers”; (2) for “Texas: the Land of Wealth and Fear,” by Theodore H. White — the same White who press-agented the Chinese Communists in one of those “agrarian reformer” books; (3) “The Lie-Detector Era,” by Dwight MacDonald. *The Nation*, most frankly fellow-traveling magazine of them all, was cited for an entire issue on the theme of “The Great Giveaway.”

The University's highest distinction, its "gold medal for the most distinguished and meritorious public service," went to *Redbook* for three articles on our supposedly expiring civil liberties. The first of these dealt with the color line in our schools; the others were titled "What Is a Security Risk?" and "Fear on the Campus."

In another category, "distinguished magazine writing involving original reporting in which serious obstacles had to be overcome," the honors went to brothers Joseph and Stewart Alsop. The opus that won the crown was their piece in *Harper's*, "We Accuse," in which the Government, the Atomic Energy Commission and especially Admiral Lewis Strauss figured as shameless villains who deliberately smeared and persecuted Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer. Just what "obstacles" the brave brothers had to conquer is not specified; their consciences, perhaps?

A university has a right, of course, to honor whom it will. Yet it seems surpassingly strange that out of the thousands of magazine articles produced in 12 months, not one with an indubitably pro-American flavor, not one that celebrated some clearly positive and praiseworthy aspect of our national life, seemed to the University of Illinois quite "distinguished" or "meritorious" enough. No less strange is the conspicuous excess of admiration for writings plugging the myth of a hysterical nation trampling on its civil rights.

As one who had to follow magazine journalism in 1954 rather closely, I can attest that these selections were not due to any dearth of pro-American articles as worthy, by any of the tests set for the awards, of academic recognition. The awards and citations mirror neither the content nor the quality of our magazines; they merely reflect the mind of the university that did the choosing and judging.

The episode provides an additional demonstration that there is, indeed, some "hysteria" in our country. Those under its influence attribute their own psychic disturbances to the nation as a whole. If there is in truth, as one of the "most distinguished and meritorious" articles contends, "fear on the campus," the University of Illinois seems to be the happy exception proving the case, or it would not have dared to make such a public spectacle of its political bias.

Delayed Reviews

An engineer who designed bridges that collapsed soon after they were built wouldn't last long; he'd steal away softly to lose himself in some other profession. An investment counselor whose judgments proved disastrously mistaken would have to take up some other job. Neither of them, in any case, would list his great failures in *Who's Who* as if they were shining pages of his record.

That's where political writers en-

joy a unique advantage. The fact that they have been outrageously wrong in the past somehow doesn't disqualify them for practicing their trade now. Many prominent pundits, indeed, have built up impressive reputations as experts by consistently piling bad guesses and misguided enthusiasms one on top of the other.

Books and articles hailed upon publication for their deep insights may go very sour in a few years. But the authors are not thereby discredited. On the contrary, if their published boners of earlier years made the bestseller lists or gained notoriety in some other way, an aura of "authority" surrounds their latest work. With few exceptions they continue in business as guides and mentors to the American public.

That public remembers only that a writer made loud noises in his time. The minor circumstance that his views turned out to be fallacious, that his advice did not stand the test of time, is overlooked. Instead of giving his abortive works decent burial, he will go on listing them in his biographical notes and on the flyleaf of his current book.

Of course, merely to be wrong is not in itself a guarantee of success. Many a political soothsayer has failed despite a genuine talent for misjudgment. The point is to be wrong *at the right time*. One must pronounce resounding errors with an air of profundity when they happen to be fashionable, when they

cater to a popular hunger for just that brand of delusion.

SOME DAY an editor with a sadistic bent will decide to review *now*, in the perspective of time, some of the political bestsellers of yesteryear. It would be a dirty trick, perhaps, but not an entirely useless exercise.

Probably the most rewarding field for such delayed reviewing would be the literature on Soviet Russia and Communism generally. In the light of events, books by the more successful volunteer press agents of the Kremlin in the 1920's and 1930's have come to look fantastically unreal. But this does not stop their authors from continuing to pass judgment on human affairs today, nor does it deter their audiences from listening with solemn attention. (In my own case the gods were generous: I did not publish a book on Russia until *after* I had seen through the Great Experiment.)

Our sadistic editor might do well to make a special project out of the spate of wartime books eulogizing our "sister democracy" among freedom-loving nations under its benign and glorious leader, Stalin. *The Pattern of Soviet Power* by Edgar Snow, produced at the very end of the war, would in itself provide a field day.

I took the trouble recently of leafing through that volume and found that its absurdities, obvious enough to some of us at the time,

had ripened with the years. Snow disclaimed, in Moscow's behalf, any imperialistic ambitions: Stalin, he argued, simply wanted "friendly regimes" for neighbors. After the victory, he explained, "the Eastern European peoples will operate on the principle that warm friendship and collaboration with the Soviet Fatherland" was their best policy — with never a hint that brute force would be needed to impose that "collaboration" upon the peoples.

A no less startling series of delayed reviews could be done on the libraryful of writings by the "agrarian reformer" school of China experts — the same Snow, Harrison Forman, Theodore White, Mark Gayn, Owen Lattimore, Agnes Smedley and the rest. Though the collective judgment of this group was, from what we know today, wrong and wrong-headed and catastrophic in its consequences for freedom on this earth, most of them ply their trade of political savant as if none of their bridges had collapsed.

I can think of no other profession in which monumental error is thus not only forgiven and forgotten but rewarded by cumulative fame.

China Note

As an example of what passes for political logic among our ultra-liberal brethren, I give you a citation from the June *Harper's* editorial columns:

"To everybody except Senator Knowland, it is already obvious that we cannot keep on forever pretending that 400 million Red Chinese do not exist. Granting them formal recognition would cost nothing except a bruise on the pride of Chiang Kai-shek. . . ."

Evidently it does not occur to *Harper's* that we withhold recognition precisely because we *do* know the 400 million exist; that formal recognition would not be extended to *them* but to a regime imposed upon them by main force, without so much as the formality of even a rigged election; that only by pretending that the 400 million do *not* exist, or at least do not count, could we bring ourselves to accord normal diplomatic status to their tyrants in Peiping.

The moral complacency that preens itself as liberalism is fond of the formula, "it is already obvious to everybody," which *Harper's* employs a bit crudely. What is obvious to tens of millions of Americans is that recognition of Communist China, far from "costing nothing," would be paid for in an immense and maybe decisive accretion of prestige and power to our sworn enemies in Asia. No less obvious is the fact that the 400 million are not "Red Chinese," any more than the people in Soviet Russia are Red Russians — but rather Chinese and Russians under Red dominion.



AN OLD TOWN WITH YOUNG IDEAS

by

Hazel Hardesty Schneider

 LONG AGO the brick-red vanes of the old windmill which punctuate Nantucket's skyline were used as a signal to warn homeward-bound whaling ships that British raiders were in the harbor. Lately the old mill has had little more to do than to stand guard over a quaint town where past and present are amiable companions. Memories of the days when spars and rigging made a wintry-looking forest around the wharves are still carefully cherished on this island, once the greatest whaling port in the world. But now signals from Nantucket reach out to guide transoceanic ships and planes by means of the most modern electronic devices. So Nantucket lives with the past and holds hands with the future.

Nantucket, both town and island, is unique in many ways. Most importantly, it is a living remnant of American history, not merely a prettied-up reconstruction of a community which once decayed or disappeared. There are more than four hundred houses in Nantucket which

have been used continuously since the time they were built in the century before 1850. Of course they have been repaired, remodeled and often enlarged, but even now their oaken timbers are so hard that local workmen know better than to try to drive nails or drill holes into them. The nails bend, the drills break, and the old beams remain undented.

Oldness is such an integral part of the community that strangers are sometimes bewildered when a Nantucketer starts talking about that new house—he probably means one which was built fifty years ago.

The fact that Nantucket is an island contributes to its uniqueness, for island living has certain problems which do not occur in mainland communities. Some of these problems concern major emergencies; others are as relatively unimportant as running out of ice cream on a warm day. It's shipped in once a day from the mainland.

The radar-equipped steamers are seldom delayed by fog, but high

winds and heavy seas may keep them away, and then Nantucket is cut off from its supplies.

Nantucketers try to foresee possible emergencies and prepare for them ahead of time. Fire, for instance, is an ever-present worry in this community of wooden houses and there is more fire-fighting equipment on the island than one would normally expect in a community of this size.

But the islanders have a deep sense of self-reliance and they do all they can to prepare for the times when they may be cut off from "the continent" or "America," as they call the mainland. This island isolation also means that Nantucket has almost no source of income except the summer visitors. Shipping costs make manufacturing of any kind practically prohibitive, although one man does make beautiful baskets for the luxury trade in New York and other big cities. From an agricultural viewpoint, Nantucket cannot even feed its year-round population of 3,600 people. However, there is one cranberry bog which ships cranberries off-island, and beach plums are shipped to processors on the Cape. Fishing is an obvious occupation for the islanders and several commercial fishing boats have their home port in Nantucket. Some fairly good incomes are earned from scalloping in the years when prices are good and the scallop beds are full. Despite these sources of income, however, the majority of

the Nantucketers depend on the summer visitors for their living.



IN THE olden days, the whole economy of the island was geared to whaling but this industry ended abruptly when oil was discovered in Pennsylvania and kerosene proved to give cheaper light than whale-oil. By 1849 people were leaving Nantucket, some of them even knocking down their houses and shipping them to California by way of the Horn. It was not until after the Civil War that Nantucket was "discovered" as a pleasant and charming summer resort. Since then the island has enjoyed modest prosperity.

It is typical of Nantucketers that, no matter how much money a summer visitor may bring to the island, he won't be accepted as a friend until he has proved himself. The islanders are most hospitable and will go out of their way to see that the visitor, whether friend or stranger, is well cared for, but, if the outsider fails to conform to the conventions of good taste, he will not be welcomed. This is just one of the Yankee characteristics which the early settlers brought with them. Quaker training, during the 18th and 19th centuries, strengthened those characteristics so that now self-respect, thrift, hard work and democracy are so deeply ingrained in the Nantucketer that they are evident even to a newcomer.

Nantucketers have a way of set-

ting civic problems quietly but effectively. Several years ago an enterprising off-islander thought he'd build some cheap cottages of the kind which have spoiled so many resorts. Two of these shacks actually were built, out along the 'Sconset road, and many summer people muttered about how they spoiled the landscape. The Nantucketers didn't say much except to remind their friends that the island has kept its beauty for a good many years. The two cottages are still there, an object lesson to would-be promoters, for they are a complete loss to their owner, who has never been able to get the necessary permits for utilities.

The governing body of the town is a board of five selectmen who are elected each year to carry out the wishes of the townspeople as these are set forth at the Town Meetings. The first settlers brought this form of government with them when they came to Nantucket from Salem in 1659, led by Thomas Mayhew, who had bought the island from an English lord. Within two or three years, twenty families had moved to the island and Mayhew sold most of his interest to them. At that time the island was divided into shares, each share carrying with it the privilege of grazing a certain number of sheep on the common pasture. As a consequence of this early action, much of the island is still owned "in common" by the heirs or purchasers of these shares. That is why the moors are still called

"the Commons" and, since the town owns a number of shares, that is also why the townspeople are privileged to use the Commons for their own enjoyment.

The Indians, who were on the island when Mayhew arrived, were always friendly and showed the settlers how to catch and try-out the whales which frequently came in close to shore. This was the start of the whaling industry, for the islanders took to the sea and built up a fleet of some 150 ships by the time of the Revolution. In fact, the three ships which carried the tea to the Boston Tea Party were Nantucket-owned, although their owners were no more in favor of the infamous tea tax than were other Americans of the period.

But most of the whaling fleet was lost during the war with England and, although it was rebuilt afterwards, it was again decimated in the War of 1812, despite the signals so bravely flaunted by the old mill.



THE OFF-ISLAND visitor, seeing the old houses and feeling the gentle touch of history, shouldn't make the mistake of thinking that Nantucketers still live entirely in the past. True, they cherish their heritage, but they also know how to keep right up to date with the rest of the world. Even now they are working on a plan for historical zoning, which will protect the old parts of town from destruction as well as from invasion by de-

trimental forces. This idea is not only fairly new but also rather revolutionary, for it will mean that the people living and owning property in the zoned districts will have to surrender some of their prerogatives for the good of the community. That the thinking of these people has reached a point where they are

willing to consider such a step shows how



far-sighted and progressive they really are.

Nantucketers have always shown themselves willing to adapt all kinds of modern techniques to their own needs. They send their policemen off-island for up-to-date training, buy modern equipment for their fire department, and have even hired a firm of off-island traffic engineers

to make an expert traffic survey of the narrow streets and recommend relief measures. Nantucket people have found it expedient to be air-minded; as Nantucketers, they have built an airport administration building which reflects the charm of the island, they regularly appropriate funds to equip their airport with the best modern facilities, and they provide enough year-round traffic to keep one of the airlines interested in giving first class service.

Nantucket's school buildings are crowded and school assemblies must be held in the parish house of one of the churches, but a new high school is under construction. School authorities and the community provide adequate extra-curricular activities for boys and girls, and the island doesn't have the juvenile delinquency problems so common to the rest of America.

Taken all together, Nantucket is a good place to bring up children, for Nantucketers have made their island into a good home for themselves and their summer visitors. They have learned how to blend the new with the old, so that historic charm and old-fashioned virtues make a pleasant background and a substantial base for modern living.



MONEY

By Jack S. Panes

NO ONE CAN SPEND



IN A SMALL ROOM in St. Louis, the mayor of the town scratched thoughtfully on a sheet of paper:

"When I die, I want my trustees to take one-third of my estate and establish a fund to aid the pioneers passing through St. Louis on their way to the west."

That was nearly one hundred years ago and there were plenty of pioneers forging ahead to the Pacific coast. Today, the pioneers are no more, but the mayor's bequest still exists. The fund has swollen to a million and a half dollars and the shame is that not a penny of it can be spent.

This is only one of the thousands of lost legacies throughout the world. It has been estimated that if the lost legacies in this country alone were gathered into one fund, it would be well over three billion dollars. These unfilled bequests are a legal headache and have been for years. The many

attempts to channel the funds into causes approaching the original bequests have met with little success. Until the courts make a more flexible interpretation, many wills may never be fulfilled.

Benjamin Franklin, for example, is guilty of drawing up an unrealizable will. The colonial leader may have been money-wise but, when it came to managing his will, he showed little spark of financial prudence.

Franklin set aside 2,000 pounds in his will to be shared equally between Pennsylvania and Boston. It was to provide aid to married artificers under 25 who were once apprentices.

For the few years after his death in 1790, there were many young men who made good use of the Franklin bequest. In fact, the fund did a thriving business at the stipulated five percent interest.

Unfortunately for the fund, the



number of borrowing artificers fell off and in the ensuing years there developed an unwillingness by young men under 25 to marry while their financial affairs were precarious enough to warrant a loan.

As a result, the Franklin fund stopped circulating. Although both funds exist today, there has not been a client for the last fifty years. Of course, if there is an artificer today who lives in either Pennsylvania or Boston who has a wife and needs financial aid, he is welcome to a loan. No one else is eligible.

EVEN the financial wizardry of Alexander Hamilton failed to mold a workable bequest. At least not for an old seaman named Captain Randall.

Randall approached the peerless financier one day and said: "I've been out to sea all my life, Mr. Hamilton, and I have no one to leave my money to. I'd like to make a will. Could you help me?"

Hamilton advised the captain to leave his money for the construction of a sailors' home and drew up the legal document. When the captain died, he left an estate consisting of \$7,000 and 21 acres of land in New York City.

Since that time the 21 acres of barren land became the bosom of huge skyscrapers and chic Fifth Avenue stores. Randall's land now comprises part of Fourth Avenue, Tenth Street, and Waverly Place.

Although it is impossible to give

an accurate account of the total value, conservative calculations place the yearly income of the estate at one million dollars. Yet, only enough funds can be drawn to meet the small needs of a home for aged sailors on Staten Island. All Randall desired was this sailors' home and the unforeseen hugeness of his legacy can be used for no other purpose.

Although there is an excuse for Randall, since he could never have imagined such proportions for his estate, there can be little apology for the lack of imagination on the part of one Thomas Grover.

In 1849, Grover left the residue of his estate to provide funds to buy fuel for the needy in the district of Southwark, London. The will specifically said the only persons to benefit must be "white widows of a respectable character, who are housekeepers or roomkeepers, born within the limits of the United States."

Thus, Grover tied his hands before the will was in effect. To begin with, the Southwark region is not extensive. Also, in recent years, the native-white population decreased and the number of eligible widows in the district became negligible.

In this same category of funds marked more by generosity than by foresight is the one established in 1683 providing relief for seven Protestants in the county of Cork, Ireland.

Unfortunately, the trustees have not been able to find a single Protestant in that county for 60 years.

The interest accumulated until the legacy reached \$288,000.

IN THE United States, community trusts are being established throughout the nation to prevent wasting of funds. Under this plan, if the trust cannot be fulfilled, the donor provides the community trust organization with authority to switch the money to related charities. In this manner, for example, those trusts which were set up to meet an emergency could be used for other purposes after that emergency ends.

Such an unused emergency fund was established in 1864 during the Civil War. General Jubal Early of the Confederate Army was approaching the town of Frederick, Maryland.

"Early is coming, Early is coming," the town crier shouted. Besides building ramparts and mustering every available person to ward off the attack, the townspeople raised a considerable sum of money for their defense.

The battle was quick and decisive for the Confederate soldiers. The town fell and the money proved of no value for the Yankee defenders. But a sum of \$200,000 at four percent interest still exists. Since the money was for Civil War defense only, it will continue to swell unless the rebels again charge down the "green-walled hills of Maryland" surrounding Frederick.

There are a few wills, however, where slight changes were permitted

in order to obtain some benefit.

For example, a Samaritan Female Society in Massachusetts left a fund providing flannel undergarments for divinity students. As styles changed, the students became less appreciative of the flannels and refused to wear them. Notwithstanding, the underclothes were sent to the divinity school as prescribed regardless of whether they were worn or not.

As a result, the Massachusetts Superior Court ruled that "in view of the changes taken place in popular taste, the flannels may be dispensed with." Instead, the funds were allowed for medical care of the students.

Examples of an elastic interpretation by the courts are rare. Most of the endowments are as impossible to materialize as the one providing a ransom for American seamen held by Barbary pirates on the North African coast.

And, if court precedent is any indication of future action, pirates will have to capture more Americans before money can be drawn from that endowment.

Throughout the ages it has been man's ambition to leave a token of his existence on earth. Many leave their art and statesmanship for future generations to enjoy.

Others, like the mayor of St. Louis, the old sea captain, and the rest mentioned here, tried their best to help generations with financial endowments. But they left money no one can spend.

C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON





In the **MERCURY'S OPINION**

by

**RUSSELL
MAGUIRE**

IT is becoming more and more obvious that our existing laws with respect to the handling of Communists and pro-Communists badly need revision. Too often the cases against "Fifth Amendment Communists" never reach the courts because of the confusion with regard to what a witness does or does not have to answer before duly constituted Congressional investigating committees.

Very often the real issue is clouded by a planned wave of hysterical propaganda and adroit charges that the witnesses are being taken to task for something they believe and, therefore, cannot be brought to trial on charges of perjury.

The crime of perjury has nothing to do with one's political belief.

A perjurer is one who lies under oath. It is that simple.

Unless the Congress takes immediate and firm steps to assure its committees getting complete and

factual answers from all witnesses, whether or not they be suspected of Communism, our whole security structure can be thrown in the nearest ash can.

If this situation is not quickly remedied, the taking of an oath before a Congressional committee by a witness becomes a farce. This is especially true of the cases involving those who refuse to say whether or not they are members of the Communist Party, ever have been, who were their colleagues, and what they did during their Communist Party tenure.

Unless and until the laws are revised to give this nation complete security, we are openly inviting the Communists and other conspirators in this country to go brazenly about their nefarious work, and when questioned by a Congressional committee refuse, with equal brazenness, to answer legitimate questions.

It is a serious situation and would be tolerated in no other land on earth. Why do those in the communications field go out of their way to protect those who plan the destruction of the American way of life? It's time we found out.

Where the *Poor* Are *Rich*

By Julia McAdoo

WHEN we bought a tract of land in the foothills of the Ozarks two years ago, our friends were bewildered. They had some knowledge of far-away places like Tibet and the Himalayas, but neither they nor we knew anything about the hills of Northern Arkansas. And even now our knowledge has expanded only slightly, for we found no literature on our locality, no geological survey, no contour maps. Although almost in the heart of the nation, only a few hours from Memphis, Little Rock and other large cities, the area remains unexplored and uncharted.

What riches are hidden in the

curly rolling hills, what secrets are harbored by the secluded valleys, no one knows and, apparently, no one cares. There may be uranium, bauxite, manganese or oil; so what? When a man has all he wants, he has wealth beyond measure; he has all there is. Why search and probe and bother?

In these secluded hills where telephones are rare, and roads are bare of traffic, where jobs are few and industry unknown, lives a race, a people, quite different from most. Unimpressed by riches, unafraid of poverty, serene, not humble and not proud. These "hillbillies," these



woodsmen, have no set standard of living, no respect for money, nor fame, nor caste. They know no greed, no envy, no subserviency. These unimpressive men in unimpressive garb, though poor they seem, are immensely rich.

Here everyone has space; and time, like clear mountain air, is abundant, limitless, inexhaustible. It is seldom sold, rarely purchased, never pigeonholed, rationed or saved. Everyone has time to hunt and fish, or watch a well being drilled, or lend a helping hand at the cemetery and dig a grave for a deceased friend or stranger. Everyone has time to go to town and meet some people and talk of crops and drought and prices.

Passing through little towns on weekdays and seeing men in overalls lining the sidewalks, squatting by the hour around the courthouse, rolling cigarettes, smoking, talking, one might think them lazy, ignorant, shiftless. But they are not. Most of them have been around. Many have held good jobs, received good salaries, worn good clothes. They have had the taste of city lights and ready cash and homes with plumbing, but most of them have come back, exchanging a good living for what to them is a good life. They have come to range some cows and goats, and hunt and fish and be each man his own master.

ONE of these is a man named Ben. While in the Navy, Ben saw many places — Bombay, Trieste

and Chefoo. Later on, he and his wife lived in a city in a nice apartment; they had television and a dial phone. His job was good, his pay ample; all went right with Ben, but it all seemed wrong. The sky looked flat and the moon unreal and the stars were dimmed by the city lights. Their friends, too, seemed flat and unreal, like the pressed flowers of the yesteryear. They did not live; they rushed through days without savoring their flavor. This breathless pace, this marathon — what was the prize and where the finish? The prize was Time, which no one had, and the finish was not there at all, nowhere in sight. They ran in circles and called it progress. Ben did not. Unhappy and out of step, he loaded his belongings on a truck and came home.

He lives here now, but, if need be, he, like the rest, will go again to Kansas, Michigan, California or Alaska. They may be gone for years, or months, or only for six weeks to the "Bottoms" to pick cotton. But no matter how far, or how long the stay, they come back — nearly always. Back to the unpainted cabin with woodburning stove, to the friendly circle in a tiny country store. There amid kegs of nails and sorghum they will sit together — one man who just paid \$50,000 for a prize bull and the man next to him who just cashed his milk check for \$80, his monthly income.

They talk leisurely. They swap experiences and worldly goods as

well. Ten acres of land for a milk cow, a wrist watch for a hunting dog, or a farm and house and barn for an old Plymouth Suburban.

Not long ago when I joined the circle and defended the merits of Tamworth pigs versus Durocs, the more popular breed, a barefoot man with stubble on his chin asked me about the merits of psychotherapy versus the electroshock treatment. He had somehow heard that in the dim past of 12 months ago I was a psychiatrist.

They sit and talk and roll cigarettes and lapse into silence, letting time pass without any anxiety and without regret.

THESE MEN reared in the hills are not akin to haste. To them it makes no sense; it has no goal and holds no promise. What's the rush? What from? Where to? To them, who do not cherish the past and calmly view the future, to them, the rush is merely a stampede. A wild, aimless trek, not to, but from, away from self, away from thought, away from nagging, nameless fear. In the rushing torrent of the cities, the calm and unambitious men feel quite alone. Alone, and longing for a quiet pace, for friendly hills, and homey places; they, too, like Ben, come back to some unpainted shack on some untraveled road.

Not far from us a road — a mere trail — creeps through the tangled woods. It ducks the fallen trees and the charred stumps. It zigzags up

the hill and down, and up again. It fords the creeks and clings precariously to the edge of deep ravines. Meandering leisurely for miles, it plunges suddenly straight down into a sunny hollow and ends blindly by a weather-beaten cabin on the bank of a stream. Ben lives here. With one son in the Navy and one daughter in training, there are five of them here in this house.

All of this hollow is Ben's. The stream and the clearings, and the mighty oaks and the hickory groves, and the sky is Ben's, too. Here the sky is not flat; it's arched. Like an inverted bowl of turquoise, it curves protectively over the hollow and the distant hills and over Ben's humble home. On clear nights the stars are distinct, close by, within reach. Red, blue, green, forever shimmering, revolving, tracing a pattern, a design incomplete and never to be finished. Here Ben, with Mary, his wife, is raising a few chickens, goats, pigs. They have eight cows. To my query as to why they don't raise more, Mary replied in astonishment, "More cows, what for? We are milking six now and our milk check is \$25 a week. Why milk more? We have all we want."

When a man has all he wants, he knows no greed and feels no envy, nor lusts for riches. He does not steal, nor lie. He has no strings to pull, nor thoughts to hide. Plain, sincere, forthright, he meets another man without reservation, without any barriers. Neither walled by preju-

dice, nor driven in a narrow path by an ambition, he is like an eternal spring which bursts the limiting boundaries of the surface, and spills its abundance in a refreshing stream.

Such men live here. So very poor and so very rich. They are the men we meet in the country stores and salesbarns and sawmills and farms. To them, being honest is not a merit; it is simply the only way to be. Thus, life is simple here. There is no need to be on guard, or count the change, or lock the doors. There are no bills to send, nor to receive; they call them "duns"; they are taboo, an insult, an outrage. Each man keeps track of what he owes and pays when the time comes.

THERE is a sawmill in the woods not far from us. In a little clearing it stands alone — the mill, the trucks, the stacks of lumber unfenced, unguarded and very often deserted. Its owner, Orvis, works in spurts. There are weeks when the whine of the saw is steady, but there

are weeks when all is still at the mill. Orvis and his crew are not there, but the trade still goes on. The customers come, choose the lumber they need and load their trucks. Weeks later, when the saw sings again and the rumors spread that Orvis is back, the customers will drive up and pay in full, as we discovered they always do.

A while ago a rattling truck full of squirming kids pulled up alongside of me. A stranger, the shirtless driver, rummaged in the back pocket of his overalls and handed me a little roll of bills tied with a string. Seeing my surprise, he explained. A year or so ago he had asked permission to cut some fenceposts in our woods, and this was the pay.

But one does not feel surprised — only a little humble, a little awed, and very grateful and very glad, as in a great cathedral. Before these simple people that are complex, this young country that is so old, these friendly hills where the poor are rich, I bow my head.



☆ A man had come to install the hillbillies' new TV set. "Now this," he said, pointing to the antenna, "will have to go on the roof."

"It's like I always tell you, Zeke," said the woman of the house to her husband, "one thing leads to another. Now we have to put a roof on the house." *Capper's Weekly*



Sharpen Your Tongue



By J. E. SCHMIDT

Do you sometimes find yourself groping for a word — the one with “just the right shade of meaning”? You do? Good! This quiz is for you then. Select the right word for each of the following situations from the group of four choices. Allow yourself 10 points for each one you have right. Passing score is 60. Answers are on page 103.

(1) An indifferent or careless person who shows little interest in what goes on about him is a: (A) pocosin, (B) podagra, (C) podesta, (D) pococurante.

★

(2) To state the meaning of a passage or text by the use of other words, in order to clarify it, is to: (A) parasang, (B) paraphrase, (C) parse, (D) palter.

★

(3) A humorous rendition or imitation of a serious work, as a tune, literary composition, etc., is a: (A) parole, (B) parody, (C) parol, (D) parenthesis.

★

(4) A person who believed that Jesus Christ was a mere man is a: (A) psilanthropist, (B) philanthropist, (C) philatelist, (D) atheist.

★

(5) Excessive frugality or economy is: (A) parorexia, (B) parcenary, (C) parity, (D) parsimony.

(6) A zealous adherent to a cause, party, movement, etc., is a: (A) bartizan, (B) artisan, (C) partisan, (D) courtesan.

★

(7) A narrow strip of land projecting from the main body of land, especially from a State, is a: (A) pannier, (B) panoply, (C) panicle, (D) panhandle.

★

(8) The claim to universal wisdom or knowledge is: (A) pansophism, (B) pansophy, (C) panjandrum, (D) pangensis.

★

(9) A utopian social order in which all the members of a state are equal in rank and in authority is a: (A) pantisocracy, (B) aristocracy, (C) gynecocracy, (D) ochlocracy.

★

(10) False or fallacious reasoning, especially that of whose falseness the reasoner is not aware, is: (A) papism, (B) cataclysm, (C) sophism, (D) parallogism.

The Facts Behind the **FIGUERES-SOMOZA FEUD**

BY ROBERT E. JOHNSON



"FIGUERES doesn't exist," said the editor of General Somoza's newspaper as he tossed back my copy. Crestfallen, I walked out of his office and re-read my story. "Plans to nationalize American and British utilities in Costa Rica were outlined yesterday by that country's President-Elect, Colonel José Figueres. Speaking at a Buenos Aires press conference, Colonel Figueres declared . . ."

It should be news when the self-styled Liberator echoes the Communist line throughout South America, I thought. But what the hell, I knew the policy of *Novedades* and the Nicaraguan government. Ignore Figueres! I wadded up the sheet of paper and threw it in the wastebasket.

No, as yet Figueres didn't exist as far as General Somoza and his newspaper were concerned. But already the perambulating Pépe was making disturbing noises across the border. It was the summer of 1953 and he was touring South American capitals, blustering and hurling abuse

at the stock targets of Leftwingers the world over.

He was being taken at his word, regarded as a man to watch. Some saw him as a new Nehru, others claimed that he would be a Central American Peron. I thought José Figueres struck a more familiar note: Pinkos sound the same in any language.

But I was in no position to question *Novedades'* editorial policy. Selected as the first American exchange student to Nicaragua, it was largely to be in a better position to observe that I became a reporter for the country's largest newspaper. I was not in Nicaragua for academic study but to get the facts about the Latin American nation most friendly to the United States. As Somoza pointed out: "There is no better way to get to know a country than to live in it and see it as a newspaperman." He was right.

It didn't require endless research to get the true story of the Somoza-Figueres feud. The facts are well known in both countries but, like

Novedades, the American press has generally ignored them. Despite the present quiet along the Nicaraguan-Costa Rican borders, the issue will arise again and again until one or the other of the two men is destroyed. And it will be a disaster to the United States if the final victor is Figueres. His record speaks for itself:

THE POLITICAL career of José Figueres has been short but spectacular. An obscure Costa Rican planter until 1948, he was suddenly transformed into a revolutionary leader with the declared mission of sweeping Fascism from the Americas. Figueres has since fostered the legend that he was a chieftain of the mysterious Caribbean Legion; the facts indicate that he was made a rebel commander mainly to cover the Communist spearhead which was driven from Mexico through Guatemala to Costa Rica.

The exact circumstances of the 1948 revolution in Costa Rica have never been clear. Many non-Leftist Costa Ricans backed the rebels against the government of President Teodoro Picado while one wing of the local Communist Party ostensibly supported the loyalists. Despite the fact that he was apparently opposed by some Reds, Figueres has never denied the powerful aid given him by other Communist-influenced Leftwing groups.

These subversive elements moved in immediately after the onset of

political strife caused by the 1948 elections and allied themselves with sincere Costa Rican patriots. Planes from Communist-controlled Guatemala landed troops and equipment; the so-called Caribbean Legion went into action in much the same way as did the notorious International Brigades of the Spanish Civil War. Faced by such tremendous odds, the Costa Rican government collapsed in a month. Figueres became virtual dictator. The Reds and their allies set up housekeeping.

Always careful to maintain a democratic front, Figueres installed the respected Otilio Ulate in the presidency. Ulate, popular but weak, remained in office until Figueres took over officially in 1953.

He has since become increasingly belligerent, has obviously never forgotten his dream of a crusade against Rightwing regimes throughout the Hemisphere. No deep thinker, Figueres has long had philosophic guidance from shadowy Romulo Betancourt, ousted Leftwing President of Venezuela and self-styled apostle of Hemispheric "anti-imperialism." It is Betancourt who was recently accused by the Honduran newspaper *La Hora* of "organizing Marxist labor unions in Central America by remote control with the intention of overthrowing the governments of Honduras and neighboring countries."

The newspaper goes on to say that Red agents in Betancourt's organization are infiltrating towns along the

Atlantic coast of Central America. Their aim is said to be the "recovery of an operating base such as the one lost in Guatemala." Betancourt, now teaching his brand of subversion at the University of Puerto Rico, travels regularly to San José to confer with his lieutenants in the Caribbean Comintern — and with José Figueres.

FIGUERES has never lacked other ready allies in his efforts to topple neighboring governments. Today, Costa Rica is the stronghold of the Partido Popular Revolucionario (PPR), one of the most active and disciplined Communist Parties in Latin America. Working hand-in-glove with Leftwing exile groups, the PPR has turned San José into regional headquarters for a web of subversion extending all over the Caribbean and even into the United States.

Apristas from Peru, disgruntled Leftists from Venezuela, professional revolutionaries exiled from the Dominican Republic and various malcontents from a dozen other countries enjoy the benign hospitality of Pépe Figueres. Each group believes that it is they who are "using" the Communists; all are potentially dangerous if for that reason alone.

Most violent is probably the Partido Revolucionario Nicaraguense (PRN) which works closely with Costa Rica's Red PPR. The PRN denies being Communist and all direct reference to Communism is

carefully avoided in the flood of propaganda which pours from its San José offices.

The Red propaganda pipeline becomes obvious, however, in a study of the anti-U.S. press in Mexico and Central America. The Party line first appears in Lombardo Toldano's *El Popular* in Mexico, is picked up and shrilled by a chorus of Leftist elements in San José and subsequently printed in the PRN newspaper *Revolucion* which is smuggled into Nicaragua. The propaganda then takes the form of whispering campaigns and handbills, and is even used in open speeches by labor leaders.

In a country such as Nicaragua, this type of campaign is a most effective propaganda medium. Even the wildest tale is given credence. Thousands of Nicaraguans are now convinced, for example, that the head of Sandino — a guerrilla leader who fought government troops and U.S. Marines during the early 'thirties — was cut off after he was captured, and sent to Washington as proof of his death. Sandino's head is supposed to be a prized possession of the President of the United States!

Other propaganda disseminated from San José follows the familiar Red pattern but with a Central American slant: The "economic imperialism" of American enterprise, the "brutality" of the Marine Corps during the intervention period, the "martyrdom" of Sandino and other bandit leaders, the "enslavement"

of Puerto Rico and the "persecution" of the Nationalists, etc. Typical is the accusation that the United States is encouraging the production or artificial sugar in a calculated move to deprive millions of Latin American workers of their livelihood.

But the San José Comintern has not been merely content with propaganda. Armed bands have occasionally ranged across the Nicaraguan border; one group penetrated as far as Managua in a frustrated attempt to assassinate Somoza. As yet, however, neither Figueres and Betancourt nor their allies have shown any inclination to tangle directly with Nicaragua's tough — and loyal — Guardia Nacional. That time will come, they boast, when the country is beset by an economic or political crisis. The Soviet parallel is unmistakable.

THE OPERATIONAL tactics of the San José subversives also have a striking similarity to those of Puerto Rico's extremist Nationalist Party. In much the same manner that Puerto Ricans have flocked to the northeastern cities of the United States, tens of thousands of Nicaraguans and other Central Americans have settled in New Orleans and San Francisco.

I noticed that almost every issue of *Revolucion* reports the organization of cells in those two cities, openly prints names and addresses. Suspicious of the Red claims, I

checked with government officials who admitted that the exile groups have been highly successful in penetrating Central American colonies in the United States. They also reported that much of the subversive activity directed from San José is financed by funds raised or coerced from Central American immigrant colonies in this country.

In this connection it is interesting to note that Figueres has openly expressed sympathy for the Puerto Rican Nationalists. Prodded by Romulo Betancourt, it was José Figueres who persuaded the governor of Puerto Rico, Muñoz Marín, to release from prison the half-mad Nationalist leader. Not long afterwards, Nationalist terrorists turned their guns on Congress.

The State Department's recent intervention on the side of Figueres against Costa Ricans friendly to Somoza must have caused a roar of laughter from anti-U. S. groups all over the Hemisphere. In view of the constant peril at his doorstep, common sense dictated Somoza's tacit backing of a revolution that might have succeeded but for active foreign intervention.

But what of Somoza himself? Is he the savage dictator the Leftists call him?

Somoza's government *is* authoritarian — as he is the first to admit. Nicaragua will need a firm hand at the helm, he argues, until a national economic and educational level has been reached that will permit de-

mocracy, not anarchy.

But he denies being a dictator and he has facts to back him up. Somoza can cite, for example, that the Nicaraguan press is genuinely free — free to the point of license. I have read countless articles in such opposition newspapers as *La Prensa* and *Flecha* that attack Somoza with a violence and disregard for the truth that would bring instant libel suits in the United States. They are printed without reprisals.

More important, elections are fair in Nicaragua. There is no need to have them rigged. Somoza's strength lies in the lower economic groups who constitute the bulk of the population and who have received most benefit from the tremendous economic strides Nicaragua has made under his leadership. Remembering decades of political free-loading and

Sandino-type warlords, they support him overwhelmingly. This is the group that the Communists are trying desperately to reach.

Somoza's opponent has long and publicly boasted he would destroy him. To that end, Figueres has indirectly sponsored Communist subversion. No puppet, the thin-lipped Costa Rican strongman is described by former associates as ruthless and calculating. His policies have alienated hundreds of former supporters and even ex-President Ulate now denounces him as a dictator.

Nevertheless, there is no reason to believe Figueres is a Communist. A Leftwing political opportunist and supreme egotist, he is of the stripe that believes Communism can be used as a tool for personal power.

Communism thrives on the Figueres!



With the Pickle Packers

☞ Iowa State Representative Don Petrucci has been advocating legislation which would make it illegal for pickle packers to put more juice than pickles in pickle jars.

☞ Meeting in Chicago, the National Pickle Packers Association voted to award a hand-carved wooden pickle to former Russian Premier Georgi Malenkov. He was designated as "man in the biggest pickle."

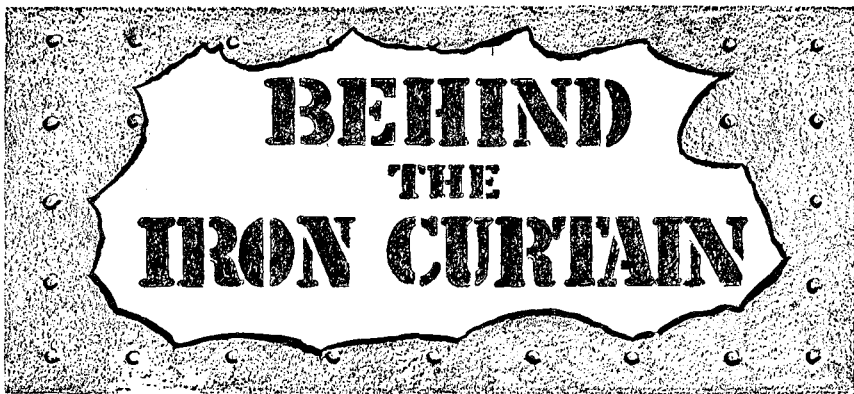


Doings of a Democracy



BY HAROLD HELFER

- ✓ The Arizona State House of Representatives voted to have all future bills read by Mrs. G. William Shupe, a charm-school speech counselor.
- ✓ The United States Navy found itself puzzled over which of the 60 possible classifications seaman recruit Alfred Padilla belonged in. Mr. Padilla is a bullfighter.
- ✓ Selectman Raymond H. Bagg, West Springfield, Massachusetts, has been seeking to have cities and towns in Massachusetts get together and establish uniform closing hours for their bars — as a highway safety measure. He explains: “Customers keep rushing from one place to another to get in another hour of drinking.”
- ✓ The view is a little too good for civilian defense observers in San Francisco, complained Mrs. Pauline Gale, head of that town’s Ground Observer Corps. Mrs. Gale says she has a major personnel problem because the beautiful view of the Golden Gate is constantly inspiring romances among her observers.
- ✓ A Memphis man filed suit in court seeking to break a \$2,100 contract with the Arthur Murray Dance Studio. He explained that he had married one of the studio’s instructors and now could learn to dance at home.
- ✓ Bald-headed Senator Eugene D. Millikin, filling out a form for renewal of his identification card for the Senate-House Atomic Energy Committee, hesitated only briefly and then filled in the line that said “color of hair” as follows: “Skin color.”
- ✓ Seventeen successful candidates for offices in the town of Linda Mar, California, must have served the shortest terms on record. On the same ballot, the citizens voted two-to-one against becoming an incorporated village and having offices.
- ✓ Inmates of California’s Folsom Prison get an hour and a half “good time” credit toward parole for every hour they spend in the Civil Defense plane spotting program.



STALINISM RATIONALIZED

By ALAN SET

A WESTERNER crossing the Iron Curtain this summer to revisit one of the satellite countries or Russia would not believe his ears when listening to the palaver of common people in their workshops, canteens or in the crowded parks on Sundays. The trademark of the Communist-ruled populations used to be their avoidance of saying anything they thought or felt. Today this former reticence gives place to an almost exuberant scolding of the very same Red sahibs and prima donnas whose names would not even have been mentioned before for fear of bringing about some unpredictable unpleasantness.

The boss of the shop committee, a Party member of course, is being

publicly abused for having given a job to his son-in-law; the chief of the workers' council is accused of living by himself in a three-room apartment; the head of the Commission for National Insurance, which is a government agency, is called ugly names for discrimination in allocating vacation quotas; and so on.

The same goes on in the press which warmly invites its readers to be even more outspoken in denouncing every case of "opportunistic shortsightedness" of the leaders and every example of "the particularly dangerous habit of some local Party units to select cadres on the basis of personal relationship rather than their political and technical qualifications."

Even in Stalin's time criticism was used in Russia and in the satellite countries as an instrument to spur productivity. It was, however, limited to censuring unimportant people, unless *Pravda* or *Izvestia* gave the green light by stigmatizing a manifestly doomed Communist bigwig. Today in a Prague café one can occasionally hear reproaches directed against the almighty Party's Central Committee without this bringing about any discernible catastrophe.

The right to criticize is one of the main elements of freedom. Does all this mean that the so very infectious virus of freedom has begun to contaminate even the Red Empire? Let's beware of joining the Communist agents and fellow travelers in jumping to irrelevant conclusions.

THE SECURITY of Soviet Russia and her satellites lies today in the most qualified hands of Colonel-General Ivan Serov. He is certainly doing his best to avoid making the slightest mistake, for he remembers well that with the exception of one Ignatiev, dismissed for being an imbecile, all his predecessors in this very responsible position — Beria, Abakumov, Merkulov, Yezhov and Yagoda — were one by one denounced as traitors and shot.

Also he well knows that the internal security of the Soviet states depends solely upon the total subjugation of the masses to the will of a half dozen or so top Communist

high-priests. Therefore if Serov does not frown upon a fellow in a café in Prague who makes fun of a Czechoslovak Red dignitary, this proves that he does not consider him harmful to the Soviet states' security. In fact, he probably uses him as a means of astutely clipping the Czechoslovak's wings, thus keeping him from becoming too important.

Serov from the MGB shares with his friend Kruglov from the MVD the power over the most colossal and efficient machinery of coercion and espionage ever devised in history. Created immediately after the revolution by Dzerzhinsky, it was brought to its final perfection by Beria, who expanded it to about 1,500,000 men serving in the regular Security Army or as various secret service men at home and abroad. The purge after Beria's execution diminished neither the organization's strength nor its effectiveness. Serov simply applied the proven method used by Beria to massacre Yezhov's followers — one which Yezhov had designed to massacre the friends of Yagoda.

The only difference is that, while in Stalin's time Beria was responsible to one man whose whole confidence he possessed, Serov at present is responsible to a small group of men who put their whole confidence in no one. Also Serov has to comply with the revised views of this Communist Supreme Chapter which, while applying the old Stalinism, tries at the same time to purify it

from the absurdities with which the dictator vitiated his own system during the last somber years of his life.

The essence of Stalinism was the use of unrestricted opportunism applied in fostering the Communist world revolution by building up Soviet Russia into the most perfect aggressive weapon possible. Had Stalin believed that freedom helps to turn people into conquerors, he would have become the greatest Russian liberal. However, he thought that the supreme aims of his unholy order would best be served by gripping his subjects in an iron fist and thus eliminating the weakness inherent in the heterogeneity of individual ideas and views.

His mistake was that by the time he had finally shaped his USSR into a quasi-perfect monolithic state he was too old to realize his own achievement and madly went on with his purges and his aggressive foreign policy, aimed at keeping his own people in a state of continuous tension. Political opportunism — the essence of Stalinism — got shelved, and for this criminal deviation from his own theory, Stalin had to be punished. Nobody behind the Iron Curtain doubts that he was put to death by his own Stalinists who immediately thereafter took it upon themselves to adjust Soviet policy according to the prescription of pure Stalinism.

What is now being heard in the satellite countries and in Russia it-

self is not therefore proof that the old system is crumbling, but rather, a clear indication that the old system is being carried on with new emphasis on its most important feature — unrestricted opportunism.

Serov's coercion machine is today more than adequate to assure the security of the Soviet states. The innumerable prisons and hard-labor camps in Russia and the satellite countries are still full to capacity. From the Elbe to the Pacific, everyone knows that any revolutionary venture will be crushed almost the moment it is conceived. A reasonable amount of public criticism can therefore be considered by Khrushchev and Co. as more helpful than damaging. It helps to correct the endless abuses stemming from the overgrowth of bureaucracy — and it allows them to check the bureaucrats themselves, who were beginning to throw too much weight into the scale.

TODAY'S USSR — in spite of its perennial economic and agricultural dilemmas — is no longer an experiment which can fail as the result of one false step. The war against Hitler's Germany, followed by the liquidation of Stalin and Beria, proved that the system works. Hundreds of millions of human beings, seeing no other choice, have accepted being treated like cattle. There is no use, therefore, wasting energy driving to despair those who have ceased to be dangerous. Stalin-

ism is merely being rationalized in accordance with changing circumstances.

This rationalized Stalinism also governs Russia's present foreign policy. While flirting with Moscow, the West keeps on asking what is the true reason for the sudden change in Russian diplomacy. We are so persistent in our wondering that we have overlooked completely a very convincing and authoritative answer to this puzzling question.

During a press conference in San Francisco, Mr. Molotov was asked by an American journalist to explain the great change in Soviet foreign policy. He answered candidly that there was no change at all. "If Mr. Reston were to study carefully the course of events," Molotov said textually, "he will see that the foreign policy measures recently undertaken by the Soviet Union represent a consistent development of the foreign policy of the consolidation of peace which has been previously pursued by the Soviet Union."

As a true disciple of Marx, Lenin and Stalin, by "consolidation of peace" Mr. Molotov could only mean, of course, the consolidation of the *Red peace* consistently pursued by the Soviet Union with the sole aim of one day forcing it upon the whole world.

THE USSR is not yet ready to enforce this Red peace. She has at hand the A- and H-bomb, a perfectly trained army of some 3,700,-

000 men and an air force of at least 10,000 combat planes. Her new strato-jets are leaving the assembly-lines in increasing numbers and a tremendous effort is being made to perfect the intercontinental guided missile. All this would perhaps be sufficient to risk a major war. But Stalinism does not permit Russia to take that sort of risk.

Therefore — with her military expenditures increased this year by 12 percent and all the measures taken to solve in one year her most acute agricultural difficulties — Russia, instead of talking of war, concentrates on inducing the West to dismantle its military establishment. Disarmament became the main topic of all diplomatic tittle-tattle, and, even if it won't convince anyone to turn impotent willingly, most certainly it will make it extremely difficult for the Western governments to obtain additional military assets to match the Soviet progress.

The word reaches us from behind the Iron Curtain that as long as the aging Stalin lived there was hope that his blunders would help restore order in the world. Today fear is growing among the enslaved populations that the Western blunders — astutely exploited by the present Soviet masters — will leave them no other way but loyal, though desperate, collaboration with the tyrants who may win.

Peace — the dreaded Red peace — begins to glow menacingly over the Eastern horizon.



Classrooms Aweigh!



THE STORY OF NEW YORK'S FLOATING SCHOOLHOUSE

By CHARLES OXTON

MOTORISTS speeding up New York's East River Drive pass the Liberty ship, S.S. *John W. Brown*, where the endless bustle of activity aboard — the lowering of booms, the riding of scaffolds along the ship's sides, the checking and re-checking of deck machinery — apparently comes to nothing.

For eight years now the *John W. Brown* has remained tied up at the foot of East 25th Street, despite the fact that steam is always kept at pressure and not just one but *five* marine captains are assigned to duty aboard the 10,000-ton craft.

Technically, it belongs to the U.S. Maritime Commission, "on loan" to the New York City Board of Education. Actually, it is an annex of the Maritime Department of the Metropolitan Vocational High School in lower Manhattan and represents the fulfillment of the dream of Dr. Frank J. Keller, the school's principal.



It was Keller who conceived the idea of providing training for youngsters who showed an aptitude for the sea but who, in the normal course of events, would have little or no opportunity to exploit their abilities.

The project has the enthusiastic endorsement of many maritime and naval lead-

ers all over the United States. They envision the school as the forerunner of many more such schools on both coasts and the Gulf of Mexico, where idle merchant ships of our mothball fleet can be put to use, not only to reduce the overcrowding in our schools and classrooms, but to provide a reserve of trained manpower which can be tapped in the event of another war.

The eight-year record of the *John W. Brown* more than justifies such a hope.

Upwards of 2,000 boys, aged 14 to 18, have been given a thorough grounding in the three basic depart-

ments — Deck, Engine and Stewards — found aboard most ships. In addition, they have been given the opportunity to study radio telegraphy, the international radio telegraph code, radio operating procedure and the full course of instruction necessary to help them qualify for a commercial radio telegraph license.

They have been given the chance to study boat building, blueprint reading, framing and marine structural design, the duties of pursers, the keeping of a ship's business papers, and the general field of maritime law.

But, most of all, they have been helped to grow up as normal, hard-working citizens. They have been taken out of the "blackboard jungle" and put to work in a vocation that offers them a chance to make a decent livelihood.

NOT EVERY boy who applies to enter the maritime courses aboard the *John W. Brown* is accepted, of course. Every applicant is carefully screened and no boy is enrolled who is not seriously interested in a seafaring career.

Those who are accepted are made to buckle down in earnest. There are no "snap" courses. While the students are put on their own to a much greater degree than would be the case if they were constantly in the classroom, the incidence of loafers is surprisingly low.

In the occasional cases where

minor infractions of discipline and procedure occur, the offense is seldom repeated. Justice aboard the *John W. Brown* is swift and sure and is administered "Navy style." One or two trips aloft or over the side on a painting job take the starch out of most culprits. In the rare cases where this fails, a session before the "mast" conducted by two of the ship's officers and in the presence of the entire "crew" invariably serves to suffice. The penalty of extra duty, to be performed after working hours, is seldom required to be re-assessed.

All graduates of the *Brown* are qualified as ordinary seamen. Those who intend to go on with further study after graduation split their days between the classrooms ashore and those aboard ship. In the morning they perform the units of work established on the *John W. Brown*. After lunch they carry on their studies at the Metropolitan Vocational High School downtown.

Those who do not intend to go further with their training work on the ship for a week at a time and then spend the following week in the main school ashore.

It is tough going most of the time, but it has its lighter sides, too. Basketball, though somewhat limited by the lack of height between decks, is a spare-time sport for many of the boys. Ping-pong and shuffleboard have their enthusiasts. Chess and checkers attract others. Whenever the weather is fair and

warm, life boats are manned in the quiet waters along the shore line and the work of rowing the heavy craft absorbs a lot of the excess energy that otherwise might be put to less constructive use.

The majority of the *Brown's* "alumni" are now in either the Navy or the Merchant Marine. A few, more ambitious, have gone on to more advanced work at the New

York State Maritime College at Fort Schuyler, or to the Merchant Marine Academy.

But, whatever their talents or goals, they have all been equipped for two things: they have been helped to become the "blood and guts" of our naval fighting strength in time of war, and to be the backbone of our commercial sea trade in time of peace.

Answers for "SHARPEN YOUR TONGUE"

(1) D — POCOCURANTE, from the Italian *poco curante*, little caring. Example: "Though disturbed inwardly, he managed to discharge his duties with the air of a pococurante."

(2) B — PARAPHRASE, from the Greek *paraphrazein*, to say the same thing in other words, from *para*, aside from, and *phrazein*, to speak.

(3) B — PARODY, from *para*, aside from, and *oide*, a song. Example: "Spike Jones recorded several parodies which sold more copies than the original serious songs."

(4) A — PSILANTHROPIST, from the Greek *psilos*, mere, and *anthropos*, a man.

(5) D — PARSIMONY, from the Latin *parcere*, to spare or save. Example: "His devotion to economy often bordered on parsimony."

(6) C — PARTISAN, from the Latin *pars*, a part. Example: "In the matter of foreign policy no American can afford to be a partisan."

(7) D — PANHANDLE, from the resemblance to the handle of a pan. Example: "The Texas Panhandle is the northern extension of the State between Oklahoma and New Mexico."

(8) A — PANSOPHISM, from *pan*, all, and *sophia*, wisdom. The suffix *ism* differentiates *pansophism* from *pansophy*, a term which stands for true universal wisdom or knowledge.

(9) A — PANTISOCRACY, from *pan*, all, and *isocracy*, equal power. Example: "In his younger days, Coleridge dreamed of a practical pantisocracy."

(10) D — PARALOGISM, from *para*, beyond, and *logizesthai*, to reason.



≡ An icy voice cut into an uninhibited telephone conversation, "Do you know whom you are addressing?"

"No," said the sergeant.

"Well, this is Major Throckmorton."

"Major," said the sergeant, "do you know whom you are addressing?"

"NO!" thundered the major.

"Thank God!" said the sergeant and hung up. — *Porcelitem*

≡ She asked to speak to Miss Jones of the secretarial pool. There was a pause. "Is it personal?" Guiltily the caller admitted that it was. "Oh, well then," said the voice in a relieved tone, "I'll go and get her. She's just out having coffee."

≡ After a Command Performance in Washington, a certain actor was invited to a reception at the White House. He was very nervous and when he was introduced to the President, he tried to cover up and burst out with: "This is such a lovely building. Who was the artichoke who designed it?"

≡ "Socialized medicine is workable only in heaven, where it isn't needed and in hell, where they've got it." — LONDON PUBLISHER, CECIL PALMER

≡ A former Washington writer, before transfer to New York, explained how he avoided getting parking tickets for leaving his car in forbidden zones. He just put this printed note behind a windshield wiper: "Please note this is government property. All tickets, therefore, must have nine duplicates, be notarized, and bear an autographed photograph of the officer registering the complaint." — *Pipe Dreams*

≡ Nine-year-old Ruthie was often permitted to "mind" her parents' bakery while they were busy in back of the shop. One day a pleasant old lady came in while the little girl was in charge.

"Don't you sometimes feel tempted to eat one of the cream puffs, dear?" she inquired.

"Of course not," the little girl replied, shocked. "That would be stealing! I only lick them."

— *American Legion Magazine*



≡ A cowboy boarded an airliner in Montana on a day when gusty mountain winds made flying pretty rough. In spite of the stewardess' numerous requests, he refused to fasten his seat belt. "Young lady," he snorted, "for 30 years I've rode everything I ever mounted, and I ain't about to be saddle-tied now. Let 'er buck. I'll ride 'er."

— *Arkansas Baptist*

≡ He had taken his youngest son to the pet shop to pick out a pup as a birthday present.

"Decided which one you want?" asked the father.

"Yes," replied the boy, pointing to one puppy which was wagging his tail enthusiastically. "The one with the happy ending." — *Tracks*

≡ Junior had played too much and not studied enough during the school year, but when examination time came around he got the right answer to at least one question. The question was: "State the number of tons of coal moved by the railroads in any given year."

After scratching his head for long

minutes, he suddenly beamed and wrote down: "1492 — none."

— *Tracks*

≡ Perfection: There was a sculptor in ancient Greece who carved an image of a boy holding a bunch of grapes. People said the work was so perfect that birds used to swoop down on the statue to try to eat the grapes. "Ah," said the sculptor when he heard the statue praised, "if it were really so perfect, the boy would frighten the birds away."

— CBS RADIO

≡ A labor leader went to a matrimonial agency. "Is this a union shop?" he inquired first.

"Oh, certainly!"

He picked out a picture of a luscious 25-year-old, and said, "I'll take her."

"No, you have to take this lady," said the manager, showing a picture of a gray-haired woman of 65.

"Why do I have to take her?" thundered the labor leader.

"She," said the manager, "has seniority."



The Story of **DEIRDRE**

BY ANGELA WHELAN

TO MANY, no doubt, Gaelic romance is summed up in the one word — Deirdre! It is the legend of this Gaelic Helen that the poets of the modern Celtic school most love to elaborate, while old men still tell it around the peat fires of Ireland and the Highlands. Scholar and peasant alike combine to preserve a tradition no one knows how many years old, for it was written down in the twelfth-century Book of Leinster as one of the “prime stories” which every bard was bound to be able to recite.

So popular a tale has naturally been altered and expanded in its passage from one generation to another, but the essential story is the one I'm telling you right here and now.

King Conchobar of Ulster was holding festival in the house of one of his bards, called Fedlimid, when Fedlimid's wife gave birth to a daughter, concerning whom Cathbad the Druid uttered a prophecy. He foretold that the new-born child would grow up to be the loveliest

woman the world had ever seen, but that her beauty would bring death to many heroes, and much peril and sorrow to Ulster. On hearing this, the Red Branch warriors demanded that she be killed, but Conchobar refused, and gave the infant to a trusted serving-woman, to be hidden in a secret place in the solitude of the mountains, until she was of an age to be his own wife.

So Deirdre (as Cathbad named her) was taken away to a hut so remote from the paths of men that none knew of it save Conchobar. Here she was brought up by a nurse, a foster-mother, and a teacher, and saw no other living creatures save the beasts and birds of the hills. Nevertheless, womanlike, she aspired to be loved.

One day a calf was being killed for their food, and its blood ran out upon the snowy ground, bringing a black raven swooping to the spot. “If there were a man,” said Deirdre, “who had hair of the blackness of that raven, skin of the whiteness of the snow, and cheeks as red as the

calf's blood, that is the man whom I would wish to marry me."

"Indeed there is such a man," replied her teacher thoughtlessly, "Naoise, one of the sons of Usnach, heroes of the same race as Conchobar the King."

The curious Deirdre prevailed upon her teacher to bring Naoise to speak with her. When they met she made good use of her time, for she offered Naoise her love, and begged him to take her away from King Conchobar.

Naoise, bewitched by her beauty, consented. Accompanied by his two brothers, Ardan and Ainle, and their followers, he fled with Deirdre to Alba, where they made alliance with one of its kings, and wandered over the land, living by following the deer, and by helping the king in his battles.

CONCHOBAR kept his fury well-concealed, bided his time, and planned his vengeance. When his plans were complete, he summoned to his presence one of his hardest champions, Fergus, the son of Roy. "What would you do," he asked, "if you were sent to fetch the sons of Usnach and they were killed here, in spite of your safe conduct?"

Fergus replied that, if the sons of Usnach were slain while under his protection, he would revenge the deed on anyone who was party to it, save only the king himself.

"Then you shall go," said Conchobar. "Set forth tomorrow, and

rest not by the way, and, when you put foot on the soil of Ireland again at the Dun of Borrach, whatever may happen to you yourself, send the sons of Usnach forward without delay."

The next morning Fergus, with his two sons, Illann the Fair and Buinne the Ruthless, set out for Alba in their galley, and reached Loch Etive, by whose shores the sons of Usnach were then living. Naoise, Ainle, and Ardan were playing chess when they heard Fergus shout. "That is the cry of a man of Erin," said Naoise. "Nay," replied Deirdre, who had forebodings of trouble. "Do not heed it; it is only the shout of a man of Alba." But the sons of Usnach knew better, and sent Ardan down to the seashore, where he found Fergus and his sons, gave them greeting and heard their message, and then brought them back with him.

That night Fergus persuaded the sons of Usnach to return with him to Emain Macha. Deirdre, with her "second sight," implored them to remain in Alba. But the exiles were weary for the sight of their own country, and did not share their companion's fears. So they put out to sea and arrived at the Dun of Borrach, who bade them welcome to Ireland. Now King Conchobar had sent Borrach a message, or rather a secret command, that he should offer a feast to Fergus on his landing. Strange taboos called *geasa* are laid upon some of the heroes of ancient

Ireland, and there are certain things each of them may not do without forfeiting life or honor; therefore it was a geis upon Fergus to refuse a feast.

Fergus, we are told, "reddened with anger from crown to sole" at the invitation. Yet he could not avoid the feast.

Fergus, however, perceived a possible compromise. Though he could not refuse to stop to partake of Borrach's hospitality, he could send Deirdre and the sons of Usnach on to Emain Macha at once, under the safeguard of his two sons, Illann the Fair and Buinne the Ruthless Red. So this was done, albeit to the annoyance of Usnach and the terror of Deirdre. Visions came to the sorrowful woman; she saw the three sons of Usnach and Illann, the son of Fergus, without their heads; she saw a cloud of blood always hanging over them. She begged them to wait in some safe place until Fergus had finished the feast. But Naoise, Ainle and Ardan laughed at her fears. They arrived at Emain Macha, and Conchobar ordered the "Red Branch" palace to be placed at their disposal.

IN THE evening Conchobar called Levarcham, Deirdre's old teacher, to him. "Go," he said, "and see Deirdre, and bring me news of her appearance, whether she still keeps her former beauty, or whether it has left her." So Levarcham came to the "Red Branch" and kissed

Deirdre and the three sons of Usnach, and warned them that Conchobar was preparing treachery. Then she went back to the king and reported to him that Deirdre's hard life on the mountains of Alba had ruined her face and form, so that she was no longer worthy of his regard. At this news, Conchobar's jealousy was partly allayed, and he began to doubt the advisability of attacking the sons of Usnach. But later on, when he had drunk well, he sent another messenger to see if what Levarcham had told him about Deirdre was true. The messenger, this time a man, went and looked in through a window. Deirdre saw him and pointed him out to Naoise, who flung a chessman at the peering face, and put out one of its eyes. But the man went back to Conchobar, and told him that, though one of his eyes had been struck out, he would gladly have stayed looking with the other, so great was Deirdre's loveliness.

Then Conchobar in his wrath ordered the men of Ulster to set fire to the Red Branch House and slay all within it, except Deirdre. They flung firebrands upon it, but Buinne the Ruthless Red came out and quenched them and drove the assailants back with slaughter. But Conchobar called to him to parley, and offered him a hundred acres of land and his friendship to desert the sons of Usnach. Buinne was tempted and fell; but the land given him turned barren that very night in

indignation at being owned by such a traitor.

THE OTHER of Fergus' sons was of different make. He charged out, torch in hand, and cut down the Ultonians, so that they hesitated to come near the house again. Conchobar dared not offer him a bribe; but he armored his own son, Fiacha, with his magic weapons, including his shield, the "Moaner," which roared when its owner was in danger, and sent him to fight Illann.

The duel was a fierce one, and Illann got the better of Fiacha, so that the son of Conchobar had to crouch down beneath his shield and roar for help. Conall the Victorious heard the roar from far off, and thought that his king must be in peril. He came to the place and, without asking questions, thrust his spear, "Blue-green," through Illann. The dying son of Fergus explained the situation to Conall, who, by way of making amends, at once killed Fiacha as well.

After this, the sons of Usnach held their fort till dawn against all Conchobar's host. But with day they saw that they must either escape or resign themselves to perish. Putting Deirdre in their center, protected by their shields, they opened the door suddenly and fled out. They would have broken through and escaped, had not Conchobar asked Cathbad the Druid to put a spell on them, promising to spare their lives. So Cathbad raised

the illusion of a stormy sea before and all around the sons of Usnach. Naoise lifted Deirdre upon his shoulders, but the magic wave rose higher, until they were all obliged to throw away their weapons and swim.

Then was seen the strange sight of men swimming on dry land. And, before the illusion passed away, the sons of Usnach were seized from behind and brought to Conchobar.

In spite of his promise to the Druid, the king condemned them to death. As for Deirdre, there are varying stories of her death, but most of them agree that she did not survive the sons of Usnach many hours.

It was a poor triumph for Conchobar. Deirdre in all her beauty had escaped him by death. His own chief followers never forgave him. Fergus, when he returned from Borrach's feast and found out what had been done, gathered his own people, slew Conchobar's son and many of his warriors, and fled to Ulster's bitterest enemies, Ailill and Medb of Connaught. And Cathbad the Druid cursed both king and kingdom, praying that none of Conchobar's race might ever reign in Emain Macha again.

So it came to pass. The capital of Ulster was kept from ruin only by Cuchulainn's prowess. When he perished, it also fell.

Thus ends the story of Deirdre, who, beautiful and much desired as she was, brought only tragedy to those who loved her.

I Am Your BILL OF RIGHTS

By E. F. HUTTON

If I could but speak, this would I say:

☆ I am 164 years old, having been born December 15, 1791.

☆ I am the first ten amendments to the Constitution. Until I was written into the Constitution, that document was a body without a soul.

☆ I am your Bill of Rights.

☆ Don't take me for granted. The giant shadow of totalitarian state slavery has fallen over a large part of the earth. Should this tragedy befall America, I would be destroyed, and your liberties would end.

☆ As men brought me to life, I can be destroyed by men, and will be unless you and you, the people of America, organize to defend me.

☆ I am freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly. I am the privacy and sanctity of your home. I am your guarantee of trial by jury, and the custodian who guards your property rights.

☆ Cruel and unusual punishment and excessive fines and bail cannot be visited upon you as long as I live. I order that all powers not specifically mentioned in the Constitution shall be retained by you, the people. I am the rights of the states against engulfing centralized power.

☆ I am your signed lease to spiritual, mental and physical freedom.

☆ My existence depends on your vigilance, on whether you watch those who administer your government. My eternal enemies, known as dictators, are abroad in the world.

☆ The political usurpation of unlimited power has destroyed the liberties of many people in ancient and modern times. It can happen to you, and perhaps, unknown to you, it is happening.

☆ Put every law that is proposed into the crucible of my ten commandments. Your question must always be: "Not what does a law give me, but what does it take away from me?"

☆ When I am violated, a part of you dies.

☆ When I am completely destroyed, you become slaves.

☆ Everything that men or women have hoped and prayed for and fought for since the dawn of history is embodied in me.

☆ Think what the loss of liberty would mean to you . . . think it through and you will have your own answer.

☆ Give thought to my plea.

☆ Protect me. I need you, as you need me.

☆ I am your Bill of Rights.

Our National Debt

A National Crisis

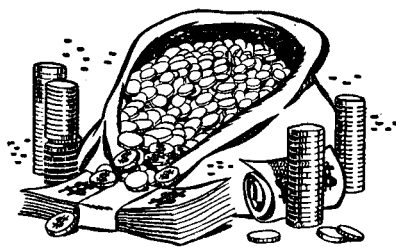
BY JOHN T. FLYNN

IF YOU OWNED everything of value in the United States — all the land, farms, city property, houses, buildings, schools, hospitals, railroads, steamships, electric power plants, battleships, weapons, planes, everything of value in America — *it would be worth roughly 275 billion dollars.*

And 275 billion dollars is the amount of money Uncle Sam has borrowed and owes — almost all in the last 20 years.

I set this down in order to ask you a very simple question. Where and from whom did Uncle Sam borrow all that money? The total amount of money in the United States — I mean real money — is roughly *40 billion dollars.* Yet the government owes *\$275 billion.* It owes a sum equal to the total value of all the property in the United States. So I repeat, where did the government borrow it?

When you know the answer to



that question, you will know why a ride on the subway costs 15 cents instead of a nickel, why a bottle of milk that once cost 10 cents now costs 23 cents,

why the house you could buy for \$3,000 now costs \$10,000 or more. You will also get some inkling of why we are in trouble all over the world.

There is no doubt we are prosperous. You will recall the Depression of 1929 and the crash of 1933. After a number of years of debate among the politicians, we began to pull out. We had 12 million unemployed. By 1939 we had improved a little, but we still had 11 million unemployed. In 1933 there were only 38 million jobs. Now there are over 60 million. In 1933 there was 40 billion dollars on deposit in the banks. Now there is over \$200 billion.

Where did all these jobs come from? Where did all the billions of dollars come from? When you know

the answer to these questions, you will begin to understand the dangerous fix we are in and how we got into it. And you will never be able to think about any of our grave national problems until you get a clear understanding of this one.

THE FIRST QUESTION is: where did all this money come from? What produced this rise in bank deposits from \$40 billions to \$200 billions? Is there really that much money in the country? The answer is *No*. The actual amount of lawful money in the country is about 40 billion dollars — though these are now only 50-cent dollars in purchasing power, if that. How, then, can the banks have deposits of 200 billion dollars? Let us behold the process by which this “miracle” was performed.

Let us suppose your local bank has deposits of \$1,000,000. You wish to borrow \$10,000 from that bank. You request the loan from the bank officials. You have stocks or bonds or other securities worth \$20,000. The bank agrees to lend you \$10,000 and takes your bonds and stocks for security. You sign a note for \$10,000, payable in 90 days or six months.

Now here is the important point. You have accepted a loan of \$10,000. But the bank does not hand you \$10,000 in cash. It gives you a deposit of \$10,000. That is, the official asks for your bankbook and he writes in it that you have on deposit an additional \$10,000. He does not hand you cash. He gives you a “deposit.”

This increases the deposits in the bank by \$10,000, although you deposited nothing.

When you went into the bank and asked for the loan, the bank had deposits of \$1,000,000. When you got the loan and left the bank, it had deposits of \$1,010,000. By the mere act of making a loan the “deposits” in that bank were increased from \$1,000,000 to \$1,010,000. A deposit is not necessarily actual money. You may deposit cash — real money. But you can also acquire a deposit by making a loan — which is an engagement by the bank to honor your checks in that amount.

Now let’s see just how this worked to get us out of the Depression. In 1939 — the year the European War started — the banks in America had on deposit \$63,253,000,000. But by March 1955, the deposits had increased to over \$205,000,000,000. This was an increase of 142 billion dollars.

Where did all this money come from? It was produced largely by the United States Government and by private business concerns borrowing at the nation’s banks — *borrowing deposits*. The United States Government borrowed \$53 billion. Private industry — largely engaged in war work — borrowed \$65 billion. That is to say, the banks bought United States bonds and paid for them by giving the United States Government a “deposit” — which deposits totaled \$53 billions. Private industry, stimulated by war work,

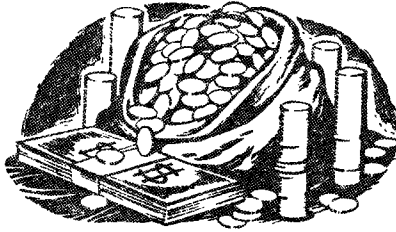
borrowed \$65 billions on its securities and got deposits of \$65 billions. Thus the government and private industry together created 118 billion dollars in additional deposits by borrowing at the banks.

But this was not real money. It was "deposit money." In a sense it was printing-press money — or pen-and-ink money. Throughout history, governments in periods of trouble would print money — with nothing back of it. This is what happened in Germany and Italy after World War I, which produced their fantastic inflations. But our government did not print currency. It printed bonds — promises to pay money. It induced the banks to buy these bonds and *pay for them with bank deposits*.

AT PRESENT all the banks in the nation have "deposits" of 205 billion dollars. But only \$40 billion of the banks' assets is in actual money. The rest is represented by loans to government and to business. It should be added that many of the loans to business are involved in vast military contracts with the government.

It is with this "deposit money" created by government and business borrowing at the banks that this great surge of business activity is sustained. In other words, it is a

vast boom, activated by war, war preparations, armaments and vast loans to foreign countries, carried on by the government and flooding over into business which enjoys incredible contracts for arms and munitions of all kinds, supplies for the armed forces, plus funds to make fantastic handouts to foreign nations and to keep up a wild business activity at home — a boom created and sustained by ever-mounting debts.



Let me hasten to caution the reader that this system of creating money is not essentially evil. It is a highly useful and healthy prac-

tice which facilitates the promotion and conduct of business. But we must never forget that it can be defended (1) only when it is used in moderation and (2) only when it is used to create economically fruitful enterprises. It cannot be defended when it is used to create instruments and agencies of destruction — weapons to destroy wealth. It can be defended within limits when the nation is in peril. It cannot be defended when it is used, whether for wartime or peacetime boondoggles, to create phony money to buy political power.

WITH THESE few fundamental principles before us, we can now see with clarity certain elements in this system which our govern-

ment must sooner or later face with stark realism. In the interest of clearness, I group these observations in separate sections.

One. At the root of this dangerous policy lies a phony discovery made following the great crash of 1929 which ushered in our so-called Great Depression. A rash of literary economists bobbed up with a fascinating theory that captivated the minds of the politicians and the British and American "intellectuals."

The cue was fed by an eminent literateur, music critic, cosmic explorer and economist named John Maynard Keynes. He whetted the appetites of our collectivist essayists with the delightful discovery that a public debt was not really a debt. He was a parliamentary orator of the first order, a historian, a devotee and critic of music and the drama (he wed a ballet dancer), a dabbler in agriculture and a profound student of the dark art of alchemy.

There is no doubt Keynes turned the attention of collectivist economists to the theory that national prosperity could be induced and sustained by the generous use of public debt. His treatises and book on money made a profound impression on certain Harvard economists. One of them, Dr. Alvin H. Hansen, proceeded to develop the theory that a public debt was not like a private one. A public debt was a debt owed by the people to themselves.

By 1938, when Mr. Roosevelt's first-term magic was falling apart, a group of Dr. Hansen's pupils produced a small tract in simple terms which the troubled politicians in Washington could understand and which outlined the theory that public spending of borrowed money could be kept up indefinitely to produce full employment and security for all. They flooded into Washington just as the first New Deal was falling apart and Mr. Roosevelt was moaning that "no one tells me what to do." They told him, and he listened with rapture. Presently Dr. Hansen himself, who was their economic godfather, was brought to Washington as the economic adviser of the administration.

And so off we went on the gaudiest, giddiest flight of borrowing and spending since the day when John Law discovered the possibilities of the deposit bank and sent France into an orgy of bank lending that wrecked the nation — and which, incidentally, has wrecked many other nations since. But the idea managed to wriggle to life again in 1938.

Of course it was used gingerly at first. But in 1939 Hitler struck at Poland and set World War II in motion. The war orders from France and Britain flooded into America and presently the United States itself became involved and off we went on the grandest, most incredible boom in history, built wholly on the great discovery of Lord Keynes, Dr.

Hansen, Henry Wallace and their disciples. Before we got into the war, our government had been spending tax money and borrowed money on a moderate scale. But when we entered the war we spent as follows:

1941.....	\$13,386,000,000
1942.....	34,186,000,000
1943.....	79,621,000,000
1944.....	95,315,000,000
1945.....	98,702,000,000

Where did this money come from?

From taxes and bank loans. Endless billions — billions beyond comprehension — pouring out in a great torrent, putting everybody — including whole families — to work in the armed services, or the war industries and every other industry that was permitted to operate. As a result, our total debt as of now is 275 billion dollars, a very large part of it held at the banks.

Since the war ended, our government has sought to keep up the taxation and the borrowing. It has attempted to substitute the redemption, rebuilding and defense of the world as the only available excuse for continuing the borrowing and the spending. But, though few of the politicians will admit it, the gas is seeping out of the balloon. This grim fact must soon be faced with utter realism.

Two. Another grave element lies in the obligation of the government to pay an ever-growing rate of interest on its loans. The interest charge continues to rise, even though

the loans may not. War loans were negotiated at low interest rates. As the loans come due, with the war over, the government must renew them at ever-rising interest rates. Frightened two years ago by the inflationary effect of bank loans, the government offered higher interest rates to renew maturing bonds, limiting them to private investors. Private investors took them under a certain compulsion — and then unloaded them on the banks.

Three. These floods of bank loans, as noted, produce an obvious inflation. The inflation cuts down the value of the dollar. If you owned a mortgage note or a corporate bond for \$1,000 purchased in 1941, it had, let us say, a purchasing power of \$1,000.

But now the inflation has cut its purchasing power at least in half, and more for certain products. A cup of coffee that cost five cents, now costs 10 cents. Before the war, the morning paper in my town cost two cents. It now costs five cents. The *Saturday Evening Post* used to cost five cents. It now costs 15 cents — a 200 percent rise. Rapid transit in our cities has gone up from five and ten cents a ride to 15, 20 and 25 cents.

It is true that this inflation is also cutting down the impact of the debt, but it is also swindling the millions of Americans who bought bonds at the appeals of the government and now find their value cut to half.

Four. There is also the inevitable process of erosion. The government sells a bond to a bank for \$1,000 — and gets a deposit. It spends the \$1,000 on military matériel. The \$1,000 flows into the pockets of private persons, who in turn spend it with the merchants, who in turn spend it with producers. All along the line a succession of erosions takes place: (a) At each move of the money there is a constantly recurring tax. (b) There is a continuing inflation which shrivels these dollars as they travel. (c) There are also personal and business losses, as well as profits. And there are the immense interest charges, running over six billion dollars a year, which must be taken by the government out of the national income and paid to banks and investors.

Five. Finally, it is now obvious that the government which was pumping these floods of bank money into the economic bloodstream, can no longer continue to repeat the borrowing process in order to take up the slack caused by inflationary and other erosive processes. The government could create 57 billion dollars of new bank money in one year and \$64 billion in another. It cannot do this now that the war spirit is gone. It takes war to render a nation indifferent to financial madness.

Of course the last resort is Soviet Russia, the enemy of mankind. Russia has served as a magnificent bug-

boo to enable our politicians in Washington to keep up the military spendings and the gargantuan doles to our “noble allies.” But, alas, Russia turned out to be an enemy — a victorious enemy — that won too much out of the war.

The old Russia of Lenin was governed by revolutionists — not administrative politicians. They were moved by different impulses. They won their victories 35 years ago. The Russia of today is run by Communist politicians, not revolutionists. They are bureaucrats who, by a strange turn of fate and the madness of our shallow leaders, took almost all that was won out of the war.

Russia has, in fact, won too much. The Great Bear sits in the center surrounded by millions of people in more than a dozen countries she has conquered and despoiled — countries yielded to her by our stupid generals and disloyal bureaucrats. Russia's problem now is not to take on new lands but to find the road to peaceful coexistence with those she has conquered and despoiled. She has bitten off more than was wise. Now Russia, who has been our essential enemy — our excuse for spending billions on preparation — is deliberately depriving us of her value to us as an enemy. She can turn to the benevolent conquest of her conquered millions, while at the same time taking from our stupid leaders any rational excuse for militarism as a scheme for creating prosperity.

What should be our course? We

must look courageously in the face of the grim reality — namely that we cannot keep up deficit spending further without grave injury to our society. Our foolish leaders in Washington are frantically busy trying to invent new ways to spend money — borrowed money. One is the adoption of militarism as a means of taking a few million young men out of the labor ranks and also keeping more millions employed manufacturing armaments — and paying for it all on the cuff.

Another is the proposal of Mr. Harold Stassen that this government finance a vast production of goods for ourselves and an additional great surplus which we will send as gifts to various “underprivileged peoples” who are “our friends.”

Another is to put the Federal government into building roads, schools, houses and all sorts of utilities inside the states — as an excuse for further borrowing.

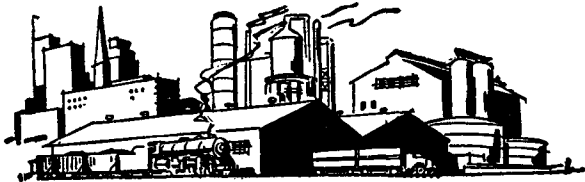
BUT THE SANDS run low and presently will run out. The bills will come trooping like a cloud of locusts. This will be the moment when the American patriot must

stand his ground and endure the hardships, the abrasive costs, as well as the angry hoots of the revolutionary elements deprived of their beloved “deficits.” We will not be able to borrow our way out.

That will be the moment when the American patriot, whose first love is liberty, must stand and be counted. It will be the moment when he will be summoned not to save the British Empire or to create a united and bankrupt Europe, but to rebuild the foundations of the American Republic on the specifications set out in our Constitution.

This is surely not a pleasant prospect for a people drenched in the vulgar prosperity of war. But it is before us. I see but few leaders who can be depended on to carry the torch. There is no hope in either political party. The leadership will have to come from the young men and women who will be called on to endure the harsh penalties of the crisis.

It is my hope that they, like the young patriots of '76, will catch a glimpse of the light that led to Lexington, Independence Hall and the American Constitution.



Hospitals

ARE EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By Elsie McCormick



SEVERAL years ago, General Robert W. Johnson, Chairman of the Board of Johnson & Johnson, makers of surgical dressings, was a hospital patient. During his stay he saw patients being awakened at an early hour, served lukewarm meals, suffering the noise of neighbors' radios and the clatter of cleaning women in the corridor. He saw, too, that the highly trained nurses were burdened with many non-professional tasks: carrying food trays, arranging flowers, wheeling patients to the X-ray room.

Conditions like these are not uncommon in hospitals, most of which are short of funds and understaffed. But General Johnson decided that something could be done about it,

simply by improving hospital efficiency. He had heard that Detroit's Harper Hospital, following recommendations made by the Society for the Advancement of Management, had been able to adopt many of the time and labor-saving methods used in industry, with excellent results.

Back in his New Brunswick, New Jersey, office, the General got in touch with the local chapter of the society, an organization which includes industrial engineers, personnel directors, public-relations men, cafeteria managers, accountants, safety experts and scores of other specialists. His idea: free help to hospitals on pressing practical problems of administration and management.

The Society responded by building up Industry's Hospital Advisory Board for Hospitals, which today has 200 experts ready to give free advice to hospitals in the Raritan Valley area of New Jersey. Johnson & Johnson contribute the full-time services of George M. Goettelman, an experienced industrial engineer who acts as the Board's executive director.

John H. Beddow, administrator of New Brunswick's Middlesex General Hospital, presented one of the most common problems — that of excessive noise. Robert Salvin, a young industrial engineer, went over the place with a sound meter, discovered that in some spots the noise level reached 80 decibels, about the rate for heavy street traffic. One of the noisiest spots was the main lobby — with a telephone switchboard, clattering typewriters, and a constant flow of talking people, which turned two nearby wards into suburbs of bedlam. At Salvin's suggestion, switchboard and typewriters were banished to the basement.

Noticing that patients winced whenever a clattering iron waste can was rolled to the elevators, he recommended fiber cans which are moved on quiet rollers. He also proposed light plastic floor-cleaning buckets instead of clanging metal pails; rubber bumpers on the corridor brooms; the oiling of every hinge and axle on the premises; strict volume control of patients' radios; and the adjustment of door checks to prevent slamming. As the background noise faded it became possible to tone down the public address system so that it no longer sounded like a mechanical train caller in a large railroad station. Patients' noise complaints dropped by 80 percent.

Feeling that he could do more for the comfort of patients if he wasn't buried under a mass of paper work,

Mr. Beddow next appealed to the Advisory Board for help in reorganizing his office. Under the leadership of James H. Stamp, manager of a gauze mill, four Board members went to work. They found that 16 hospital employees were reporting directly to Mr. Beddow, interrupting him frequently and making out enough paper forms to administer a regiment.

The volunteers advised setting up six major departments, with a director for each. The change saved money and increased efficiency — and with only six people reporting to him, the administrator had more time to devote to problems of patient welfare.

EARLY in their experience, the Raritan Valley volunteers learned that many hospital problems concern human relations.

One hospital administrator felt his problem was unusual. "We have a fine plant and an excellent nursing staff," he told the Board, "yet the hospital is getting the reputation of being cold and unfriendly."

The personnel director assigned to look over the situation was not long in reporting. "The answer is easy," he told the administrator. "You've got a gruff, cantankerous admitting clerk." And he was right.

An admitting clerk interviews patients or their relatives on intimate subjects when they are emotionally disturbed. His attitude makes a lasting impression, and it is important

that it be a good impression. For, with the growing spread between what patients pay and what their care costs — in the last 20 years expenses have gone up 119 percent, while patient charges have risen only 20 percent — voluntary hospitals are more and more dependent on community fund drives. One unpleasant incident can spread through a town and cut a good hospital's financial support.

In small institutions, the admitting desk is often placed in the lobby, where conversations can easily be overheard. Once I heard a patient being asked such questions as: "How old are you?" "How much does your husband make?" and "What kind of operation are you scheduled for?" The clerk thoughtlessly repeated the answers as she wrote them down, in a voice loud enough to be overheard by half a dozen people.

Many administrators are bettering conditions for incoming patients. Some have set up comfortably furnished admitting suites where people can be interviewed in privacy. Nelson O. Lindley, administrator of the Somerset Hospital in Somerville, New Jersey, showed me a leaflet which is sent to expected patients, giving details about the hospital and extending a personal welcome from the administrator. Patients who are not emergency cases can fill out answers to personal questions before they leave home.

A subject stressed in the super-

visory courses is the employee's part in keeping up patients' morale. A cleaning woman who greets a patient with a mournful, "Dearie, you look terrible today," or a porter who remarks, "The man across the hall died this morning — he had the same thing you have," can tear a patient's morale to shreds.

In some hospitals, classes are held in which employees act out sickroom scenes. One cleaning woman will get into bed to represent a patient, while another, in her usual role, shows how she would behave if the patient were very ill; well enough to want to chat; just sufficiently recovered to be a cranky complainer. Pupils and instructor then give their opinion as to whether or not the employee's remarks and general attitude would improve the patient's morale.

Several volunteers have pointed out that procedures which are routine in a hospital can seem terrifying to a patient. A laboratory technician who enters with a grim face, silently takes a blood sample and, if asked why, mutters, "I can't tell you" can upset even an optimistic patient. Workers trained to be tactful offer reassurance, and information if possible.

IMPORTANT from the standpoint of efficiency and patient welfare is prevention of clashes between different hospital groups. In one New Jersey hospital, the dietary staff had a running feud with the operating-

room nurses, who were frequently late to meals and wanted service at odd hours.

"Take the dietary people in to see some operations," suggested an industrial advisor. One day, as the operating-room staff was about to disperse after an appendectomy, a child was brought in who had suffered severe injuries in an automobile accident. "Should the nurses leave now and go to lunch?" the administrator gently inquired. Never again did the dietary workers complain about the nurses' irregular hours.

When several hospitals asked for help in improving their food service, the Board was able to offer such specialists as Kermit Whiteman, cafeteria supervisor for the du Pont Company plant at Parlin, New Jersey, and Ralph Stevens, head of a cafeteria chain serving eight New Jersey factories. Their recommendations included centrally located kitchens, heated carts to keep the food hot from stove to bedside, and the use of workers from the dietary department to hand out trays — rather than leaving them for the over-worked nurses.

The volunteers in this area have helped hospitals standardize hiring procedures and stabilize wage rates, thus reducing labor turnover. Others revamped buying methods.

FAR FROM making hospital administrators too dependent, the services offered by these advisors from

business and industry give them opportunity and incentive to look for further improvements. Mr. Beddow, of Middlesex Hospital, on a tour of the building, noted the prospective fathers pacing the corridor outside their waiting room, getting in everybody's way. The room, he suddenly observed, offered only hard seats and a few ancient magazines. Comfortable chairs and a television set solved the pacing problem.

The family of a critically ill patient weeping in the lobby led Mr. Beddow to set up a non-denominational meditation room, which has provided much solace for worried families. Music and a coffee-vending machine have added comfort for those waiting in the out-patient clinic.

When representatives of business and industry study a hospital's problems, the nurses and non-professional employees often become interested enough to make constructive suggestions of their own. One of Mr. Beddow's important innovations was to invite nurses to attend some of the hospital's top-level meetings, and present their ideas. Others followed suit. At the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia one nurse suggested using a small washing machine and dryer for cleaning rubber gloves, which had formerly been washed and hung up by hand. This will reduce to one hour and a half a job that had formerly taken 16 hours, a full day's work for two employees.

The Advisory Board agrees that, while a hospital can be made more efficient, it can never be run like a factory. Sometimes a procedure that looks awkward and time-wasting has a sound medical or human reason behind it. One volunteer told me of suggesting that messengers instead of nurses distribute patients' mail. A nurse immediately objected. "Handing the patients their letters gives me my best chance of getting acquainted with them," she said. "They tell me about their family and friends, and it nearly always makes them feel better."

THE administrators greatly appreciate the help of the volunteers. "The assistance we've had is probably without a parallel in hospital experience," declared Sister Gilberte Baulne, administrator of St. Peter's in New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Mr. Lindley, administrator of Somerset Hospital, said: "It would have been absolutely impossible for us, a hospital of 171 beds, to engage the high-grade industrial engineers and other experts who have been helping us without charge."

"With the assistance of the Hospital Advisory Board, we are out of the red for the first time in 5 years, and able to do a better job for our patients," stated Mr. Beddow of Middlesex.

Requests for help have come to the Raritan Valley volunteers from

many out-of-the-area hospitals. Officers of the Board have accepted invitations from Baltimore, Dallas, Youngstown, Pittsburgh, and other cities to tell civic and hospital organizations how to set up a similar project.

Chapters of the Society for the Advancement of Management have hospital-aid committees in operation in Detroit, Philadelphia and Boston; several other chapters are planning to offer hospital advisory service; and in St. Louis, Missouri, and Massillon, Ohio, hospital-aid work has been started by the American Institute of Industrial Engineers. Some 250 hospitals have already expressed interest in the plan.

"To do this work, it isn't necessary for a community to have a chapter of the Society for Advancement of Management," Mr. Goetelman, Executive Director of the Board, says. "Any organization that includes a variety of skills — Rotary Club, Chamber of Commerce, or fraternal society — can help a hospital with many of its problems. Even in semi-rural areas there are electrical engineers, hotel managers, store-keepers, accountants, and farmers who can give expert advice."

And as General Johnson points out, with more than 20 million Americans entering as patients every year, our hospitals are everybody's business.



WHERE IS THIS PLACE CALLED HEAVEN?

+

by ESTHER
WINSHIP SNYDER



SCIENCE tells us that our world is a very small and relatively unimportant part of the universe. However, it's tangible and we can at least deliberate upon its possibilities and potentialities. Of our more important and mysterious neighbors, none is more obscure and harder to understand than that remote and utterly fantastic realm known to man as Heaven.

As a small child, I formed a pretty definite and ridiculous conception of that far-off utopia. No doubt part of my vague and ludicrous ideas came from well-meaning adults and part from the fact that I was blessed with a vivid and active imagination. Heaven to me was "Up there," though just what "Up" meant I wasn't quite sure. I was sure that there were pearly gates and streets of pure gold. After our town got

brick pavements, I found myself wondering why God would want gold when brick was so much more modern and a whole lot cheaper. Gold should be kept for kings' crowns and wedding rings.

I pictured Saint Peter as a kind old man who was akin to Santa Claus and to my Grandpa Jim, whom I loved dearly. Grandpa died when I was eight, and my parents told me that he had gone to Heaven. From that time on, I could imagine him as helping to manage things "Up there." Since I could remember, he had been mayor of our town, and he was used to running things! A short time after he died, I heard a couple of men talking in the street. One of them said, "I don't know how in Hell they are going to run things without Jim Stewart." I didn't know either, but I didn't care much. I

knew Grandpa hadn't gone to Hell, and so it didn't bother me much. I thought about it afterward. Perhaps I should have set them right about the matter, but Mother had told me never to talk to strangers; so I never did. I've often wondered if they ever did get set straight.

I spent a lot of time wondering about the angels. Somehow, I couldn't fancy an ugly angel. They were all beautiful with curly hair and snow-white skin. I guessed that they sent all the ugly little girls with straight hair and buck teeth to earth just to get rid of them! I was sure that was why I had been sent, because mirrors didn't lie, and I guessed it was pretty awful! Well, maybe when I went back to Heaven (if I were good), I could have curly hair like the little girl who sat ahead of me in school. I was getting awfully tired of those darned old pigtails!

All the angels had to do was play harps or hide-and-go-seek among the clouds. I wondered if there were boy angels, too. If there were, I wondered if I really wanted to go to Heaven. With five brothers at home, that was about all I could take; and from my experience, boys weren't angels even if they were in Heaven!

If people went to Heaven when they died, where did all the animals go? Heaven just wouldn't be Heaven without cute little puppies and fuzzy kittens. When my kitten died, my big brother, Peter, told me that Fluffy had gone to Heaven. That presented a new problem, for the

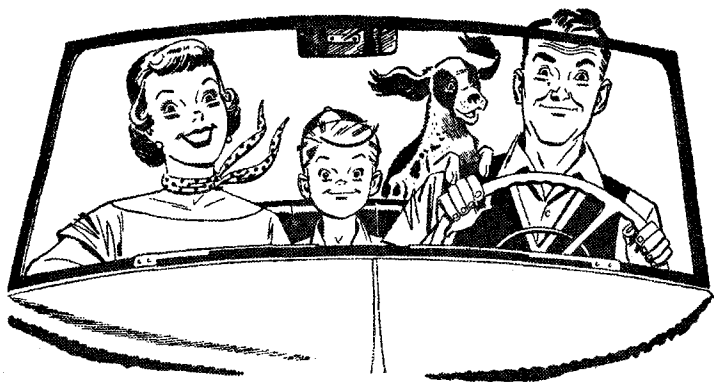
kitten wasn't housebroken, and I wondered whether the angels could take time from their harp playing to finish the job that made our mother so impatient.

THE YEARS have passed, and I am still wondering about this place called Heaven. The road bends and winds nearer and nearer. As I grow older, I still ask: Where is Heaven? It's a question we rarely discuss with others, although in our thoughts we dwell upon it considerably. We lose our loved ones, one by one, and we ponder. Will I ever see him again? If I see him again, will it be the same?

If we could but see it, there is much of Heaven here on earth. You have seen it in the eyes of a little child on Christmas morning. I have heard the songs of the angels in the sweet notes of a thrush as he greets the morn. I have caught it in the throbbing beauty of a great symphony. I have felt the brush of angels' wings in the soft caresses of my little grandchildren.

It has been wafted to me on the breeze of an early spring morning; and it has brought the essence of Heaven to my soul.

Where is this place called Heaven? I do not know! I am not worried about it. God has given me the delicate organs of sense that I may enjoy what I find here upon the earth. I shall let the future take care of itself. I know God meant it to be that way!



The Newest

BY NORMEY RUBY

AMERICA... *On Wheels!*

AMERICA is in motion! Along its great arteries moves a long stream of flashing technicolor—trailers!

Trailers of silver, of blue, of green, of red. Big trailers, little trailers. Over mountains, across deserts, through the plains. In summer, in winter. In autumn and spring. City people. Country people. America is on the move!

It started around 1929. Someone came up with a new idea and offered it to the American public. A home on wheels in which to spend your vacations. A condensed home, to be sure. But your own bed to sleep in, your own stove to cook on, your own table for your meals.

Your own living room, bedroom, kitchen. Where else but in your own home could you enjoy a sense of ease, of comfort, of well-being, and at the same time experience the newness of far-away scenery and strange environments?

That was the beginning! People liked trailers almost instantly. Trailers lumbered along the roads and people passing them in speeding cars would say, "Some day we'll have one of those. Some day."

And then we were at war. Gasoline was scarce — and rationed. Cars did not travel on jaunts of pleasure any more. It should have been the end of trailers. Such a blow should have killed this young industry

just barely out of its infancy. But it didn't!

Because the trailer was a home. A mobile home, to be sure, and very small, very compact. But still a home, where people could live and be happy. Housing was desperately scarce during World War II. Families huddled in apartments much too small for them. Many families were forced to double up, and even triple. Life approached the sordid for many people who were earning enough to live well. Salaries ran high — but housing was inadequate.

That is when people saw the possibilities in trailers. Soon entire villages of these mobile homes were springing up all over the country.

TODAY, trailer life is an important segment of America. Trailer life itself has evolved considerably since its early days. The war years helped show the versatility of these structures. The important thing about trailers is that they enable people who cannot afford a home of their own to have exactly that. Today, trailers range in price from \$700 to \$7,500. Compare that with the prices of homes with roots.

Many trailers are not used as mobile structures but are set up permanently in trailer parks. Roomy porches are attached to the trailer. Plants and flowers often decorate both inside and outside. A decorative post displays with pride the name of the owners.

A young woman who'd been liv-

ing in a trailer for two years — in the same trailer park most of that time — explained, "My husband and I lived in New Jersey since we were born. We didn't want to stay there for the rest of our lives. So we bought a second-hand trailer. It's small and didn't cost much but it's our own and we love it. We've traveled all over the country."

Trailers are indeed a blessing to people of strapped economic means, but they are useful, too, to people of means. Trailers are often used as second homes. They are kept in trailer parks all year round and are used for only short periods. They are usually quite elaborate and are often custom-made jobs. It is these trailers that have large living rooms, a couple of bedrooms, lovely kitchens, good-sized bathrooms. Many of them boast electric laundry machines, dish washers, and even garbage disposal units. A good many have central heating, and even wood-burning fireplaces.

Although not all trailers are as elaborate as these, they are all equipped for comfort in living.

Trailers are a wonderful new outlet for the growing numbers of retired folk. Grey heads are plentiful in the trailer park and on the roads. The writer met a charming elderly couple who are bird-lovers. Birds are their hobby — and their life. They have a trailer in which they tour the country, always on the lookout for new birds. Their trailer enables them to get to out-of-the-

way places, where they can stay for a few days or a few weeks, pursuing their hobby. They have been as far south as Key West, where they helped with the Bird Census of the Audubon Society several years ago. They have been to every state in the Union. They are well-versed and interesting, and are only two of the absorbing people one meets in a trailer park.

There is the story of the lonely lady who lived in the big house on the top of a hill. She had every luxury anyone could desire, but she was not happy. For she had no family and no friends. Life was a lonely thing.

She watched with annoyance the establishment of a trailer park at the bottom of the hill. What was her town coming to! She had nothing else to do; so she continued watching. She saw the bustle of the trailers coming in and sometimes when the wind was right she heard the sound of happy voices. She saw the warmth, the friendliness, of the occupants of the trailer park. Soon she found that every waking moment was spent at the window. She exposed her heart to the happiness of that life that moved below her as one holds frozen hands to a fire.

Then the idea came to her! At first, it seemed preposterous and she cast it away. But it returned to plague her again and again. It would not let her alone. Finally she did it!

She rented a trailer! For a short

time, she told herself. A very short time. It was only a silly experiment, a foolish little idea that would not be denied.

How did the story end? How do you think? She sold her house, of course. And bought the little trailer. And now she lives happily ever after.

LIFE for the housewife is easy in a trailer. Everything is simple and compact. In order to keep the small space within a trailer from chaos, the occupants must of necessity be orderly. Everything has a place and must be put into that place. As for cooking, it is much the same as in any kitchen, with one important exception: the sink, stove, refrigerator, dishes, pots and pans, are all within arm's reach. Not one step need be taken.

I asked one lady in a trailer how she managed with the housework. She smiled. "There's scarcely enough to keep me busy," she said. "That gives us just that much more time for hobbies and friends."

And there it is! There we have the bridge between the settled life of the house-owner and the wandering, carefree life of the nomad. There we have the newest America!

Within twenty-five years a new kind of living has developed within the United States. Today there are more than 2,000,000 people who live in some 800,000 mobile homes. The trailer that was offered so timidly as a vacation lure is here to stay.

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ALTHOUGH he has written eight books during his 38-year career as a commissar, William Z. Foster's literary efforts have been mainly as a political procurer for his Moscow madam. All in all, he has managed to stay within the Kremlin's good graces despite the fact that Foster once told the truth in an amazing tome entitled *Toward a Soviet America*.

This attempt at honesty was produced in the early 'thirties when Comrade Bill unhesitatingly proclaimed that when his mob took over, churches would be burned and the Boy Scouts sacked along with the Rotary Club. Moscow later yanked the book off the stands and told the national chairman of their American section that hereafter he should be more discreet.

Since then Foster has been the soul of caution; in fact he has toed the line with the agility of a six-toed acrobat.

However, it is now our sad duty to report that Bill once again has slipped. And this time in a most embarrassing fashion.

The booboo occurs on page 495 of Foster's latest work, *History of the Three Internationals*. It went to press a few weeks before Khrushchev and Bulganin hopped a plane to Belgrade without notifying Bill or his printers that a change was in the making. The book was on sale in Party stores from coast to coast just as the two big Bolsheviks were embracing Tito physically and politically.

In a chapter entitled "The Tito Betrayal" (dig that), Foster states bluntly: "Tito became a favorite of the capitalist world, and 'Titoism' was hailed as a new and deadly weapon against international socialism. Tito's Yugoslavia was taken into the ranks of the Anglo-American war alliance . . . in turn, the Tito forces became violent anti-Soviet elements . . ."

Imagine the Red faces in local cells when this work bearing the imprimatur of National Chairman Foster had to be compared to page one of the *Daily Worker* which told of the Soviets accepting Tito back into the fold.

And the Foster book was priced at six bucks, yet.

It is now being quietly removed from the bookstalls and Bill, who couldn't foresee the outstretched hand toward Belgrade, may any day be called to judgment for biting the paw that feeds him. — H. R.

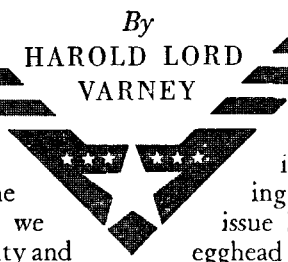
DUNDERHEADS Over America

THOSE of us who care deeply about America's future often have our black moments of disheartenment when we are stalked by the question, "Why?" Why, we ask ourselves, must stupidity and unreason rule so many well-meaning educated Americans when they enter politics? Why, in specific situations, must they almost invariably choose the wrong course and spurn the right? Why, with all their educational background, must they be such pathetic patsies for the untrue?

The answer, I believe, will light up the baffling question of what is the matter with the United States in this year of our Lord, 1955.

We have had a veritable epidemic of such inverted thinking by American intellectuals in recent political events. We have seen it in last year's obscene hysteria against Senator McCarthy. We have seen it in the academic reaction against the popularly favored Bricker Amendment. We have seen it in the college hue and cry against the Federal security system. We have seen it in the bo-

By
HAROLD LORD
VARNEY



gus cry of "book-burning" raised by the nation's librarians. We have seen it in the dishonest twisting of the "civil liberties" issue by such citadels of the egghead as the Ford Foundation. On such issues the major body of American intellectuals seem to take leave of all objective truth-finding standards. They become a vengeful mob, ready to rack their political adversaries upon the political torture-wheel.

When their pet concepts are affronted, they revert to the ugly code of Ortega y Gasset's "mass-man" which they excoriate in their classrooms.

Touch off a political discussion in almost any cocktail party or kaffeklatsch where intellectuals gather and you will invariably find vehement arguers of Oppenheimer's non-Communism, of Nehru's nobility, of Tito's devotion to the West and of the eternal rightness of Downing Street.

The same men will damn Joe McCarthy, shake their heads at Senator

Knowland ("He will get us into war"), denigrate J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI, and froth at the mention of Douglas MacArthur. There is a predictability about their political likes and dislikes which is almost robot-like.

The tragedy is that most of these men and women are sincere and well-meaning non-Communists, who are firmly persuaded that they are articulating true Americanism. What they are actually doing is parroting a hate chant.

IN MY acquaintance is a scholarly figure — a former university professor — who, for years, has unwittingly served me as an idea-test in reverse. Whenever I am in doubt concerning the logic of my attitudes, I have a bull session with the professor. His reactions have never yet failed me. He is always wrong.

If I find that he accepts my judgments, I quickly reverse them because I know that they are faulty. If I find that he aggressively disagrees with me, I know that I am right and I persist in my course. The professor himself is a transparently sincere individual, who brings to his opinions a great array of scholarship and acquaintance with precedents. And yet there is some quirk in his thinking which, with compulsive force, leads him to an incredible misreading of all his data.

I find this professor and his judgment failings multiplied on a staggeringly wide scale among present-

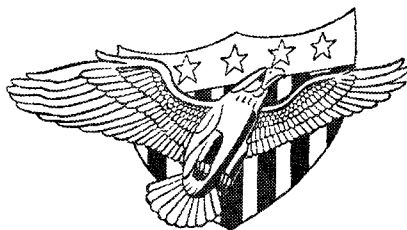
day American intellectuals. He is the prototype of a vast army.

Some of the professor's wrong guesses have been classics. He was for a long time an admirer of Mr. Truman, but he parted with Harry when the piano player precipitated war on North Korea. The North Koreans, the professor said, were not Communists at all — they were Korean patriots. But Syngman Rhee was a crook. "He's the one I'd like to fight," the professor used to say bellicosely.

On China he was wrong on every turn, although he had lived in China and prides himself upon being an Orientalist. Mao Tse-tung, in his book, was the George Washington of China. "Just a democrat in the American model," he used to say while Mao was still fighting for power. But he hated the Kuomintang, with a particular venom for Chiang Kai-shek. "Watch Mao turn against the Russians once he gets in," was his repeated phrase. When Mao attacked us in 1950, the professor had another wiggle. It was all our fault: We should recognize Peking and take it into the United Nations and Mao would play ball with us. Of course, in the professor's book, General MacArthur was a Stygian black figure. "Kick him out of Tokyo and things will again go our way," he used to say before the Truman-Marshall duo pleased him by firing the General.

He was for "one worldism" and carried a card in Clarence Streit's

Atlantic Union Committee. But we mustn't admit Spain to the Atlantic Union he warned, because Spain can't be trusted. But when Tito's admission to NATO was proposed, he was for it. "We can count on Tito," he assured me heartily.



HE PULLS out all stops in his hate of Joe McCarthy and he thinks that if Senator Flanders were a younger man, he would be of Presidential stature. "But I don't like that fellow Nixon," he says. At times, the professor hints darkly that he isn't quite sure that Alger Hiss was really guilty. "That Chambers was a psychopathic liar," he likes to intone.

He is strong for give-aways and he thinks that if we would just hand out a few hundred million dollars of American benefactions to India, Indonesia and Pakistan, together with a small army of American Point Four experts, they would reward us with unlimited markets. But he would stop giving money to Japan. Red China won't like it.

He thinks England has a better understanding of world realities than we and he wouldn't oppose Downing Street on any important policy. "What would we do without allies?" he asks plaintively. His deepest scorn is reserved for such newspapers as the *Chicago Tribune* and the Hearst chain, which sometimes question the value of our British alliance. They are "ignorant rags" in his book.

He doesn't know what to think

about Eisenhower. He feels that Ike is on the right track since he retreated from the 1952 platform pledge of "liberation." But his man, if he could get him into the White House, is Estes Kefauver. He says he will string along again with Stevenson, if Adlai runs in 1956.

He doesn't like Catholics. "Bishop Oxnham is my idea of a useful churchman," he likes to say. But he reads *Commonweal*, along with the *Nation* and the *Reporter*. "They are making democracy live," he Drew Pearsonizes.

All in all, a pretty muddle-headed figure is the professor. A constipation of ideas and insights, and a diarrhea of enthusiasms, is the way a mutual friend describes him.

But the pity is that the professor is not a rare phenomenon in current America. His duplicate is found conspicuously in every American community and social group. He sits on the faculties of our colleges and high schools, and he is certain to be found in our teacher-training institutes. He is in the Ivy League colleges and universities as well as among the bushers. He is in the pulpit of the local fashionable church,

or he is the top layman in church conferences and convocations.

He writes books which find a ready publisher among the top three. He elucidates on the professional lecture platform and he has been on the Chicago Round Table and the Town Meeting of the Air. He has been invited to one of the Eisenhower stag dinners, where he has rubbed shoulders with Tex McCrary, Clifford P. Case and toyman Louis Marx. He has received an advisory committee ship from the Ford Foundation.

He is the 1955 reincarnation of Henry L. Mencken's *Homo Boobius* of the forgotten 'twenties.

The multiple presence of this hopeless, educated fool in our American electorate is the dead hand which stops our government from making effective and rational decisions both in the foreign and domestic theaters.

Because he is articulate, egregiously active in his community, and quick to threaten reprisals, politicians don't like to tangle with him. It is safer to appease him and win his good will.

And so he implants his addled ideas and vetoes upon all the higher policy decisions of Washington. To the average timorous legislator, the professor is American public opinion, which must always be placated by a watering-down of every forthright legislative proposal.

The appalling extent to which the misconceptions and crotchets of

the eggheads have been allowed to palsy our top government policies may be seen in some recent Washington decisions.

ONE OF THE most glaring is the Washington fright over the proposal of preventive war. Every Pentagon planner who is worth his salary knows that, under atomic war conditions, the nation which refuses to strike first is doomed to annihilation.

Such Soviet writers as Marshal Alexander M. Vasilevsky, Deputy Defense Minister, Marshal Pavel A. Rotmistrov and Lieutenant General S. S. Shatilov have frankly told us what we must expect in recent articles in the Russian military journals, in which they have stressed "surprise" as the factor of victory in the next war.

And yet, knowing these facts, Washington permits the very survival of the nation to be placed in jeopardy by a categorical declaration to the world that we will never start a preventive war. It does this because it fears the fury of the egghead, who has declared that America is too moral ever to start a war.

It is extremely doubtful if an honest cross-section of the American population would be horrified by a preventive war, if it realized that the alternative was the threatened destruction of the nation. And yet the United States cannot even contemplate such a course because ac-

tivists like the professor have the *idée fixe* that America doesn't do such things.

When Secretary of the Army Matthews and General Anderson spoke up honestly and declared that a preventive war was imperative, both were quickly hustled out of authority.

AGAIN the educated dunderheads exhibited their Washington power on the issue of the Federal security system. On this issue the country as a whole has been consistently sound, but the eggheads, with their civil liberties mental block, have shrilly terrorized the administration and the Congress into placating them.

That the eggheads do not speak for the majority on the security question was shown as late as January 1954, when the Gallup Poll revealed 50 percent of its samples favoring the policies of Senator McCarthy. Then the dunderheads went to work on McCarthy.

When they were through, the offensive against Communists in the government had ground to a standstill. Everything which has happened since has been in the direction of a weakening and discrediting of the whole Federal security apparatus. A relatively small minority of eggheads was thus able to bring a halt to the whole anti-Communist drive which had gripped Washington since 1948.

A third glaring instance of ir-

responsible egghead power was the panicky retreat which the muddled ones forced upon the Eisenhower Administration in its Formosa policy. Eisenhower and Dulles began their rule with the proclaimed policy of "unleashing" Chiang Kai-shek. It was assumed generally that this was to be our supreme bargaining point, to use to secure an American peace in the uncompleted Korea negotiations.

A howl of protest went up from the eggheads at this vindication of the MacArthur policy, and its echoes alarmed the White House. Chiang's putative mainland offensive was not used as a threat at Panmunjom and proud America retired beaten from the Korean war. And in the face of the judgment of Admiral Radford, Assistant Secretary Robertson and General Clark, Chiang and his American-equipped armies were re-leashed and put into cold storage. Red China was thus guaranteed in her once shaky mainland position. The fruit of this American Hamletism came quickly in Red China's new expansion into Indo-China.

This was another case where American interest lost humiliatingly, but where the eggheads scored a triumph for their brain-trusts.

Where, it will be asked, do the eggheads get the queasy ideas which they endeavor to foist upon America?

Unfortunately, the greater part of the apparatus of thought forma-

tion in the United States is in their hands, or in the hands of those, like Murrow, who pander to them. The popular magazines of large circulation, with a few honored exceptions, are staffed by editors and writers whose minds are encased in so-called "liberal" claptrap. The universities (as William F. Buckley, Jr., so impressively showed in the case of Yale) are breeding grounds of liberal socialism. The foundations, with their billions, offer a golden reward to professors and writers who will walk in the egghead goosestep. Radio, television and the movies play safe in controversial programs by making certain that they please the eggheads.

The young man in 1955 America who wants to get ahead in the intellectual world finds a hundred aids available from "Liberal" agencies to one from the camp of realism. The foolish ideas which are in the

minds of our egghead fraternity arise from the miasmic swamp of falsehood which engirdles our whole intellectual life.

CAN WE STOP the dunderheads, in their career of folly? Sometimes it seems to be the labor of a Sisyphus merely to hold our own against them. Armies of good men have been smeared, worn out, discredited and thrown upon the scrap pile in trying to halt them. And yet the effort must go on, in increasing tempo, if America is to be safe in the decade which lies before us.

The supreme struggle of the American people is not the struggle against Russia, but the struggle against the fools in our own midst who would give away all our pawns before hostilities commence. The dunderhead grip upon Washington must be relaxed. Otherwise our future will be written in tragedy.



IV—Must or Wust?

☞ California Assembly's Judiciary Committee took note of an old law that stated the necessities of life include three cows, four horses, bed, bedding, washing machine, stove, furniture, shotgun and rifle and decided to add these words: "one television receiver."

☞ The Boston City Council OK'd an order to have the city publicized by television. But the Council exempted its own meetings on the grounds that it would be "a cruel and unwarranted punishment to inflict on the public."



Firemaster

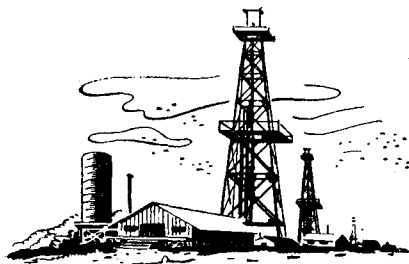
OF THE OIL FIELDS

A TERRIBLE FIRE in the natural gas field near the town of Bordolano in Northern Italy, some twelve miles from the famed city of Cremona, was lighting up the countryside not long ago. In the daytime it sent billowing clouds into the blue sky, representing a loss of about \$50,000 every 24 hours. It was an economic tragedy to a nation which, with American aid, was still trying to rebuild its war-devastated industries.

But it was a gay carnival to the thousands of people who came by bus, on bicycles or afoot to gape at the soaring column of flame shooting from the earth to a height of 250 feet and fed by a force equal to three thousand pounds to the square inch. The roaring fire could be seen in Brescia, Piacenza and Mantova thirty miles away. The inhabitants of these towns came to see the sight, and then remained to enjoy the traveling circus that an enterprising operator had brought to the place for some easy money.

This was no occasion for rejoicing, however, by the Italian government, which saw in the waste of gas

BY ALLEN ROBERTS



an irreplaceable power and fuel loss for Italian industry. Every available firefighter in Europe experienced in the ways of oil and natural gas had been called in. All had failed and the fire seemed to have every intention of going on forever — or until the gas reserves of the field were depleted. In desperation, an appeal went to the Mutual Security office in Rome. From there it was relayed to Washington and, as fast as transcontinental communications could connect with the telephone instrument in a palatial home on West Los Angeles' Bel Air Road, the urgent call reached the man who holds the uncontested title of America's No. 1 Oil-Fire Fighter.

Within hours, Myron M. Kinley had left his Bel Air home and was flying the first leg of his journey to Italy. Hasty departures are no novelty to this firemaster of the oil fields. One day he can be lounging lazily beside his swimming pool surrounded by glamorous Hollywood neighbors; the next he may be on a field near Houston, Texas, wrapped in asbestos, crawling toward a burning geyser of oil with a block-busting load of dynamite alongside him.

WHEN the fire-scarred Californian arrived in Bordallano, the burning gas, which had subsided somewhat, suddenly took a new lease on life and blazed with renewed fury as if challenging this foe from across the sea.

Italian engineers and fire experts stood quietly while the veteran of many fires all over the world studied this conflagration and the field most carefully. His body is a mass of scars from injuries and burns sustained in many battles with flaming oil and gas. But his mind is as clear as it was when as a boy he accompanied his father to jobs in the California oil fields. An hour's survey told him all he needed to assure the Italians that their fire could be brought under control. It seemed an overconfident, even rash, statement to men who had reason to believe they were among the best in the world in their work.

"We've tried everything," they assured the American.

"Maybe you did not use enough dynamite," Kinley replied.

The Italian officials shrugged their shoulders. As every European knows, Americans are crazy. The next day Kinley walked all over the field, sniffing about, peering into odd corners. To the uninitiated it made no sense. To the hopeful yet pessimistic officials who followed him around it was so much cabalistic abracadabra.

"If I'm lucky enough to hit the right charge, you'll be all out of fire pretty soon," Kinley told them.

Within a week he was ready for action. Never a man to carry a lot of equipment around the world with him, Kinley had improvised his needs right there in Italy. He appeared at the field one morning dressed in an extra-heavy asbestos suit, looking like a TV fan's conception of a space traveler. Two Italians whom he had rehearsed were dressed in the same weird outfit.

The three men began their advance against the enemy behind metal encasements. Water hoses were played on them to keep them tolerably cool in their suits. They had with them five hundred pounds of nitroglycerine — the "dose" that "Doctor" Kinley prescribed for the burning well.

When they were within 400 feet of the well, they placed the dynamite into the crater and connected copper wires to the discharge fuse. Trailing the wire behind them they ran for safety. Minutes later Kinley pulled the switch. The blast of the

explosives frightened inhabitants for miles around.

The red, angry pillar of fire had been transformed into a thick plume of black smoke that mushroomed its way into the upper atmosphere, completely obliterating all trace of blue sky above. The earth beneath churned and boiled and bubbled, while sparks flew unexpectedly and small jet-like flames jutted forth out of the earth like small tongues licking the air for droplets of oxygen.

It was several hours before Kinley and the other spectators could be sure that the fire had really given up. Long before the concessionaires were convinced that their own private little bonanza was through and before the last act had finished at the little one-ring traveling circus, Kinley was on a plane back to his Bel Air home. With a fat fee in his pocket and no new scars to heal, Kinley accounted this job one of his easy ones. The fact that not one man in a million could or would do what he did makes no difference to the firemaster who has faced some 250 oil fires in his lifetime.

KINLEY learned the art of fighting oil fires with dynamite from his father, Karl, who discovered it accidentally about forty years ago while employing conventional methods to subdue a flaming well. In appearance, a burning oil or gas well is the nearest thing to an erupting volcano. Scientifically, it most closely resembles a burning Bunsen burner. The

oil roars out of the bore hole under tremendous pressure in a column perhaps eight inches in diameter. At about thirty feet above the ground the stream has spread fountain-like and the oil mixes with the oxygen to give it full combustion. The roaring flames, accompanied by black smoke, shoot upward, growing with height.

One of the standard methods of fighting fire consisted of tunneling downward towards the main bore from several hundred feet away. When the casing was reached, an attempt was made to intercept the flow of oil, thus cutting off the source of fuel at the mouth of the well.

If this measure failed — as it frequently did, with tragic loss of life — or if it was impracticable even to try, a charge of dynamite was set off near the bore and the earth fell in, to plug up the hole and stop the flow of oil. It was while working in such a manner that the elder Kinley set off a tremendous blast in a California oil field in 1913 and discovered he had snuffed out the flames.

Today this method of fighting fires is most popular in the case of blazes that are not too big to handle with steam blasts. It avoids the need for tunneling and risking the lives of many men — only one man risks his neck, Kinley. It is also quicker, since one blast is usually enough when Myron Kinley has prescribed the right charge and placed it properly. In a business where thousands of dollars an hour can go up in flam-

ing oil, time is a precious commodity and the fee for a man who saves it can be very large.

It is the profound respect Kinley has for fire, and the tremendous experience he has amassed over three decades of dangerous work that make him the valuable man he is.

IT is his uncanny ability and widespread reputation that brought him what he considered the toughest assignment of his career — at a place called Mornei in Romania.

“That one nearly licked me,” he says.

The Romanian fire had been burning for a year and a half and had taken 14 lives and injured 100 men before Kinley appeared on the scene. An estimated 250 million feet of gas was discharging over a vast field from a depth of 5,000 feet. The steel well equipment had melted into grotesque shapes because of the intense heat of the roaring cauldron. One great fire had burnt a crater into the earth a full 250 feet wide and 65 feet deep. From hundreds of smaller crevices in the crater walls were visible dozens of small fires.

For three months it appeared as if Kinley had met his match at last. He measured the explosives, placed the material in the well craters, set off the switch — and the fire just continued to burn as intensely as ever. Venturing close for a look, Kinley was licked by the unpredictable flames and was badly burned.

Kinley was still determined to use

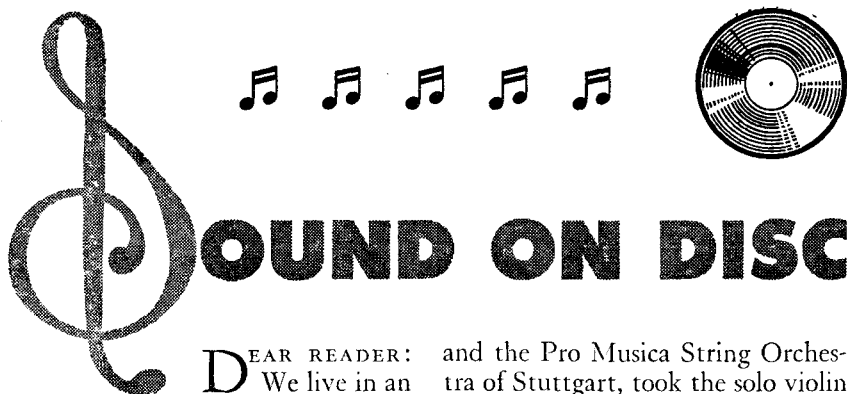
explosives. Again the dynamite was laid in well craters at great danger to Kinley and his assistants. The firing switch was pulled and a great blast tore the air. This time workmen stood by and poured hardening cement on the fire and sprayed the area with ice-cold water. The cement disintegrated into tiny particles by the tremendous pressure of the gas, while the water turned into steam.

On the day the Californian was ready to admit failure, he decided he had nothing to lose in making one more try. Flanked by two assistants, he moved towards the well and using a long boom he placed some nitro into a large hole in the ground as near the flames as he dared approach. Previous failures had indicated the size of the charge. Again the firing plunger was pushed down. But this time the explosion was followed by a thick black smoke that told him he had hit the jackpot. The job was accomplished almost two years after the fire had started.

Kinley had no sooner reached home than Standard of California requested that he retrace his steps to Damman on the Arabian mainland to kill a nine-day-old fire.

When he arrived at the site of the fire Kinley remarked: “Seems to be plenty of dynamite around. Why don’t you use it?”

To him it seems an easy thing to snuff out fires and he keeps on wondering why people insist on calling him to leave his swimming pool in the Hollywood hills.



SOUND ON DISC

DEAR READER: We live in an age of monuments — some firm, some crumbling. Our whole society is a monument, a Sistine Chapel or a Grant's Tomb, bathed in the crepuscular light of a downpour which will turn it into a *cathédrale engloutie*. So it is with our music. The saxophones and cold cornets memorialize our time. And in this poised moment of history, we re-examine the musical monuments of more hopeful ages. Under the swirling waters, this music will be drowned — but we have it today. *Gaudeamus igitur*.

Two great masters, contemporaries of the eighteenth century, and each devoted to one instrument whose boundaries and literature he expanded, left monumental and compact bodies of music. Domenico Scarlatti left some 550 sonatas for the harpsichord, 60 of which have been selected and recorded by Ralph Kirkpatrick. Antonio Vivaldi, whose *Il Cimento dell' Armonia e dell' Invenzione* has been sumptuously produced by Rolf Reinhardt

and the Pro Musica String Orchestra of Stuttgart, took the solo violin and the concerto grosso to make of them what Paul Lang calls "a passionate fresco of dramatic contrasts." In the process, Vivaldi took a great leap toward the modern concerto form.

Columbia has issued the Scarlatti in a four-record set (SL 221) with copious and fascinating program notes by Ralph Kirkpatrick, one of the great harpsichordists of our times. It was achievement enough to get this collection of music on records — to make available its driving melodies, its flamenco-like harmonies, and its combination of the lush and the ascetic which is so thoroughly Iberian. But Columbia has also achieved a rare success in capturing the elusive and touching tone of the harpsichord — perhaps the most difficult instrument to record — without the twangs and whines which marred Wanda Landowska's historic performances of Scarlatti for RCA-Victor.

Vox, too, in producing *Il Cimento* (DL 173), has done a noble job of

electronically transferring the impetuous and the lyric qualities of the twelve concertos, as well as the rich sonorities and the lilting passages. The set, moreover, is sheer pleasure as book-making. It is boxed, the album is bound in velour, the records are sealed-in to prevent sampling in the record shops and the program notes are typographically excellent. It is true, obviously, that what counts is the music in the groove. But if a record is a work of art, it should be properly framed. Vox deserves a vote of thanks.

Less delightful, and certainly not monumental, is Vox's package: Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* and Benjamin Britten's *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* (PL 9280). Both are quite pleasant as music, and very useful in teaching youngsters to distinguish the instruments. (That's a French horn, son, not Louis Armstrong playing in middle register!) But the narration, by boy-actor Brandon de Wilde, is disappointing. In fact, his learned reading of the discourse on instruments in the Britten is somewhat ludicrous. As Bix Beiderbecke said, in another context: "Don't mess around with the instruments, boy." My sentiments, too.

I CANNOT complain about Columbia's *I Like Jazz* (JZ 1), a 12-inch LP which sells for an incredible 98 cents. My choice of selections from Columbia's great catalogue of old jazz records would have been differ-

ent. But this is a sampling — and a teaser — to get you to go out and buy the truly representative recordings of the jazzmen introduced on *I Like Jazz*. There's some Bessie Smith, Louis Armstrong's spoofing *Jazz Lips*, Dixieland, a sample of the saccharine jazz of the late 1920's suddenly transformed by the clear and mournful voicings of Beiderbecke's cornet, Ellington, Benny Goodman, and a mercifully small taste of "progressive" jazz.

Then there is the sound track from *Love Me or Leave Me*, the MGM film based on Ruth Etting's tragic and hardboiled life (CL 710). You may not remember what Ruth Etting did with the title tune, with *Ten Cents A Dance*, or with *At Sundown*. These flapping ears do, for they were glued to radio and phonograph when the eyes (as yet untired) that went with them should have been studying algebra. Doris Day plays the part in the film, and she sings the songs on this record. She has a fine, fresh voice — and more style than most, these days. But she lacks the "blue" quality of Ruth Etting's voice.

Ruth Etting was the McCoy. And to go full circle, she was a monument, too, of an era of innocence and gin and Scott Fitzgerald. There is less gin and no innocence today. As the first few drops of the downpour strike the dusty earth, you can hear her sing of that ten-cent taxi dancehall as if a dime were still coin of the realm.

— R. DE T.

Autograph Collecting

ISN'T NEW

BY PAUL STEINER

THE COLLECTING of autographs, a major activity of the bobbysoxer, is really one of our oldest hobbies; in fact, almost as old as the art of writing itself.

The Greeks and Romans were voracious collectors of autographs and so were the Egyptians. One Pharaoh is said to have paid high prices to the Greeks for autographs of Sophocles, Euripides and others of their noted countrymen. A Roman emperor boasted a specialized collection of autographs of Chinese scholars. Cicero and Pliny are known to have been deeply interested in their collections. Even then, certain items were hard to get, for Pliny complained vociferously about the scarcity of letters of Julius Caesar.

In the Middle Ages, there were manufactured in Germany books of blank pages which were sold to travelers that they might obtain signatures of prominent people in other countries. One such item, dated 1554, is now in the British Museum in London. This is still the method of serious collectors.

Among the most highly priced

autographs are the painter Raphael, the Younger Bach, Charlotte Corday, Sir Francis Drake, Thomas Moore, Milton, and, of course, Shakespeare, of whom only six signatures have been accounted for to date. American collectors value most a complete set of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, worth about \$25,000 today.

Autograph hounds have at times resorted to all sorts of tricks to gain an especially hard-to-get specimen. An Archbishop of York once unintentionally delighted an autograph hunter with this signed reply: "Sir, I never give my autograph and I never will."

A wastrel grandson of Queen Victoria once begged her by letter for an advance on his allowance. The severe Queen answered with a lengthy rebuke of his way of life, and a great deal additional advice, exhorting him to thrift and diligence. Although no money had been sent, the good Queen shortly received a letter of thanks from the young man, explaining that he had followed her precepts literally by selling her letter for £25.

An exceptionally considerate type of autograph hunter succeeded in extracting the following reply from R. L. Stevenson, then in the South Seas:

Valina, Upolu, Samoa

You have sent me a slip to write on; you have sent me an addressed envelope; you have sent it stamped; many have done as much before. You have spelled my name right and some have done that. In one point you stand alone: you have sent me the stamps for my post office, not the stamps for yours. What is asked with so much consideration I take a pleasure to grant.

Here, since you value it, and have been at pains to earn it by such unusual attention, here is the signature.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Cornelia Otis Skinner relates that as a child she was good at trade and making money from her dad. He thought her a good correspondent and for every letter she wrote him, she received a reply. She then cut the "Cornelia" from the address on the envelope containing his reply, and sold the "Otis Skinner" as her father's autograph. "Sometimes it brought a dime, sometimes a quarter," she adds wistfully.

On January 9, 1857, Longfellow made the following entry in his journal: "Today I wrote, sealed, and dictated 70 autographs." Nowadays, with thousands of requests being received each week by movie stars and other public figures, the great poet's remark appears rather insignificant.

Celebrities as well as executives have found it impossible to sign all their letters personally and many of them, in order to give their signatures the personal touch, authorize their secretaries to imitate their signatures. One tells the story of a prominent businessman whose check, which he had signed on an occasion when he faced an emergency shortage of money, was returned as a forgery by his bank, habituated to recognize his name only when signed by his personal secretary.

Dan Hammerman, a drama critic, once wrote a review on G. B. Shaw's *Man and Superman*, and he was determined to get the author's opinion on it — or, at least, an autograph. So he wrote the distinguished Irishman a letter, telling him he had made a bet of a dollar with a friend who claimed he couldn't get a Shawian opinion on the review. Two weeks later Hammerman received a postcard from Shaw. It read, in typical Shaw manner, "You win. Allow me to present you with my share. G.B.S."

Today, as in Caesar's time, autograph collecting requires patience, ingenuity and a sense of history.

And that reminds me of the story of the sweet young thing who appeared in the office of an autograph dealer and asked for an autograph of Edgar Allan Poe. Shown a letter bearing his signature, dated 1849, the year of his death, she asked: "But don't you have a more recent one?"

WHAT HAS BECOME OF **Karl Radek?**

IF ANY aspiring author wishes to produce a mystery masterpiece, he need not turn to the material used by Agatha Christie or Helen Reilly. He can vividly portray the story of Karl Radek, with all its macabre accompaniments and background. It would be a grim tale, and almost incredible, but it would be one of the greatest mystery yarns of the present dark period of history.

Is Karl Radek alive or dead? What has been his fate behind the Iron Curtain? Does he still hold that "democracy" exists in Soviet Russia, as he wrote so enthusiastically in 1936, or that "we do not have Socialism or democracy," as he told Harold Laski in Moscow a little more than a year before that?

Karl Radek, chief Soviet propagandist at that time and Stalin's favorite writer, stood in the dock of the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court of the USSR in 1937, convicted of being a member of "the anti-Soviet Trotskyite center." Thirteen of the men who stood there with him were sentenced briskly "to be shot." He was one of

the four others who were given long terms of imprisonment.

For Radek, the term of incarceration was set at ten years, with five more years during which he was to be deprived of "political rights." Since the early hours of the morning of that fateful January 30 eighteen years ago, when the convicted men learned their fate, a deathly silence

has prevailed concerning the whereabouts of the former leading Soviet writer. Mention of him has been so thoroughly absent from any news dispatches from the Soviet capital during all this while that he has disappeared as completely as the thirteen who were shot.

It is true that from its very birth as "the Land of Socialism," Soviet Russia has been the Land of Missing Men. There is the strange case of Yezhov, as an illustration — the man who directed the purges of 1936–1938, which drenched Russia with the blood of thousands of hapless victims.

During the course of the great "trials" and mass murders, Yezhov emerged as a hero of the Soviet

by
**LOUIS
FRANCIS
BUDENZ**

Union. Named head of the Soviet secret police, in order to carry on the purges, Yezhov had turned on his predecessor, Henry Yagoda, convicted him, and had him shot. Before the Military Collegium, "evidence" was introduced that so bitter were Stalin's enemies against Yezhov that they had saturated the air of his office with poison, so he would breathe it and die. Encomiums were heaped upon him from *Pravda* and *Izvestia* in Moscow to the *Daily Worker* in New York. The Soviet secret police was renamed after him. He was a savior of the Soviet dictatorship, the protector of Stalin's life.

And then, one day in 1939, after the purges had completed Stalin's purpose, Yezhov went up to Lenin-grad—and disappeared from the face of the earth. Communist editors here were suddenly advised that his picture must never appear in the Red press, that his name must never be mentioned, that he had proved to be "a secret enemy of the Soviet Union."

Thousands of Jews, members of B'nai B'rith and of the general Jewish community, have also been taken away from their homes, to be heard of no more, both in Soviet Russia and its Eastern European satellite nations. The hearings before the Select Committee on Communist Aggression of the House of Representatives, which are now available for every American to read, give us this account.

The testimony of Dr. Zoltan Klar, leading member of the Hungarian Jewish community, is eloquent in his simple narration of the Communist pogroms against the Jews in his native land, stating in addition that almost 30,000 Jews were sent from Hungary into Russia for forced labor service. There was a public Red promise that these victims of Soviet tyranny would be returned to their homes, but there is no proof that this promise has been fulfilled.

AMONG the long lines of men who have been lost in the Soviet unknown, in the vastness of the prison camps and in possible secret liquidation, the case of our man Radek is conspicuous. It is symbolic of the regime whose representatives meet with President Eisenhower in the name of "peace and democracy," whereas they are the heralds of the new Dark Ages which now seek to grip the world.

Radek was more than an ordinary man. He was a vocal member of the Soviet hierarchy. Perhaps more than any other person prominent in Moscow life, he was well known in his day to news writers of the foreign press, and was visited more by professors, publicists, and other professional people who were permitted to enter the forbidden land under Stalin's domination.

When we learn from the testimony of Herschel Weintrauch that 1,000,000 Jews were arrested in

Poland in 1940 and sent to Siberia, the recitation represents a human tragedy which can scarcely be measured. It should arouse the interest and condemnation of the press of the Free World. It does call for inquiries as to what became of these unfortunate martyrs to the demand for conformity on the part of Soviet Power.

But this great mass of people cannot be traced as individuals, and newsmen may legitimately feel that it is an impossible task to learn of their whereabouts. With Radek it is different.

KARL RADEK was a Polish Jew, too, but he was one of the first of the Old Bolsheviks. When Lenin crossed Germany in the famous "sealed train" in March 1917, Radek was one of those who accompanied him. At the Brest-Litovsk negotiations, when Lenin made peace with Germany in order to carry on the Bolshevik conquest of Russia, Radek was one of the representatives of the Soviet dictatorship. When the Communist International was formed, he became a leading member of its highest body. In 1923, it is true, he went into eclipse, for the failure of the German Communists to seize power was laid at his door. By 1927, he had been expelled from the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, on suspicion of too much sympathy for the declining Leon Trotsky.

But his rebound was a rapid one.

Three years after his expulsion, he was reinstated as a Communist, becoming again one of the most versatile of Soviet propagandists. No defender of the Stalinite dictatorship has poured out so many articles on such a wide variety of subjects, written in so many different languages, as has Radek.

As early as 1931, after his Communist reinstatement, Radek directed shafts of Soviet ridicule across the world against the findings of the House Committee, under the chairmanship of Representative Hamilton Fish. If we pause briefly to learn what Radek then wrote, it will be worth while. It will remind us of how much information there has been at American disposal, for years, concerning the character of the Communist conspiracy. And it will also disclose the methods of smear and sneer which the Reds use in lieu of any direct answer, and which so many of their friends have adopted.

Right in the middle of his propaganda utterances, Radek refers to "the statements of the leader of the Communist Party of America, Mr. Foster," from the pages of the Fish Committee Report. And this is the Radek version of what occurred:

"This man [William Z. Foster] was obliged to admit . . . that the American Communists not only consider the present American Republic to be a capitalist country, not only desire to establish a workers' and peasants' Republic in America, but

have not even any respect for the American flag.” (This refers to Foster’s declaration that the Communists do not consider the American flag their own but only “the red flag of revolution.”)

This is just one of many proofs that long before the Smith Act trials of 1949 had established the undoubted fact that the Communist Party was a criminal conspiracy against the United States, that truth was known officially to our government.

But what was Radek’s answer to these damaging admissions by Foster, an answer which was peddled by the Communists throughout the world?

It was to charge coercion and intimidation to the Fish Committee and then to heap ridicule upon it.

“This hair-raising passage,” writes Radek, “describing the manner in which Mr. Fish was successful in extorting this confession of guilt from Foster, occupies two full pages of the report.” Then the Soviet propagandist uses this as one of the samples to proclaim Fish to be “a clown,” to reflect on “the mental level” of the Committee, and to compare the hearings to “the monkey trial” in Tennessee.

Anyone who wishes to do so can read these words in the *International Press Correspondence* for February 19, 1931. He will be impressed with the fact that Radek’s method of reply, which is actually no reply at all but a diversion from the serious

charges against the Communists, is followed carefully today by the Reds and their allies in the United States.

WITH such an outlook — the Leninist view that any means are justified which serve “to advance the Party” — it is not surprising to note how Radek stultified his undoubted intellectual powers in his subsequent homage to Stalin. In 1936, he compared “Socialist democracy,” as represented by the Stalinist constitution of that year, with “bourgeois democracy.” Of course, his utterance was actually a hymn of unadulterated praise to what he calls “Socialist democracy,” in other words, the Soviet dictatorship. With a straight face, he declared the Soviet constitution to be “the most democratic constitution in the world,” although he could not fail to have known of the millions in slave labor camps in Soviet Russia at that very hour.

Then he went on to state: “The great work that Lenin began is being continued by our Party under the leadership of his best pupil, the most faithful son of the working class and the leader of the toilers all over the world — Comrade Stalin. The Stalinist constitution is the fulfillment of Lenin’s legacy, the fulfillment of the dreams of the best sons of the working class.”

When Radek wrote those words, he was aware of many events which did not justify this adulation of

Stalin. In early 1935, at a dinner given for Harold Laski, Max Eastman, and me by the late V. F. Calverton, Laski had publicly stated that Radek had expressed a cynical attitude toward both "Socialism" and "democracy" in Soviet Russia.

The author of this eulogy to Stalin also was well acquainted with the work by "the leader of the toilers all over the world," known as *Marxism and the National Question*. That is the one important booklet by Stalin which no longer receives wide distribution by the Communists in non-Soviet countries, at least not in the United States. There is a reason for this, and that is that this work encouraged the anti-Semitism manifested under the Soviet regime. Radek knew that Stalin had there decreed that the Jews were not "a nation," had intimated that they are of little value in war or peace, and in general reflected the necessity not to encourage Jewish culture.

Perhaps it was because he recognized how he had stultified his abilities in the interest of falsehoods that Radek was so flippant in personal mannerisms and often so ironical in his discourse with others. We see a glimpse of this in his statement at his trial: "I had planned to go to the GPU, but the GPU first came to me."

Perhaps it was also because he had debased his capacities so much that he was given a lighter sentence than many of those tried with him. In re-

reading the record of the "trial," it will be noted that he was as free and even as zealous in confessing to all sorts of knowledge of plots to assassinate Soviet leaders as anyone else who was in the dock. He had even named a man who would be proficient in bringing about these assassinations. According to his own admission, he had been the last of those on trial to "confess."

More than any other of the "defendants," he seems to have understood the macabre character of what was going on, where there seemed to be a competition between those in the dock to "confess" to all sorts of abnormal and roundabout "crimes," even to the point of stating that they had been spies for other powers even in the days of their arduous association with Lenin. We note this understanding on Radek's part in his dry comment that it was not he who was tortured, but that he had "tortured" the examining judges, by making them do so much work before they could get his "confession."

EVERY public Soviet "trial" has fitted in at the time it was held with current Soviet policies. We could go through the whole list, involving "wreckers" and "the engineers," and find this to be true. When Soviet Russia wishes to castigate France, and again when England is the chief butt of attack, those who are tried are presented as the agents of French or British imperi-

alism. In the "Trotskyite center" case, German Fascism and Japanese imperialism were stated to be the allies of those who were tried. The defendants were also charged with sabotaging Stalin's "great offensive for Soviet reconstruction." Thus the "trials" helped to work upon the gullibility of certain leading figures in the United States, France and England — which countries were counted upon by Stalin "to pull his chestnuts out of the fire." All of the inner weaknesses of Soviet economy — now brought out again by the confessions of Malenkov and Khrushchev — could be pawned off as the work of the conspirators.

It is significant that the chief crime charged against Radek and the others was "the attempt to restore capitalism," the most serious offense of all in Soviet Russia. For "capitalism" read "democracy" and you will get the true picture.

This charge was almost lost sight of in the maelstrom of debate and discussion which accompanied and followed the "trials." It was a re-

minder again to the Communists of the world that those nations which maintain democracy are permanent enemies from the Soviet viewpoint.

Today it is the United States which is described in all important Communist documents as "the center of war, imperialism, and Fascism" and "the successor to Hitlerite Germany in plans to dominate the world."

The sardonic shade of Karl Radek, therefore, flits over all our negotiations with the leaders of the Soviet dictatorship. It not only asks the historic question, "Where am I?" but also warns the United States, "Do not deal with Soviet Russia which knows not honor among nations nor justice within its own borders."

But if Radek were resurrected in the flesh by the Kremlin, he would very likely turn his cynical pen once more to representing Soviet purposes as sweetness and light. For the Soviet intellectual, whom he represents, has become a mere puppet under Soviet Power.

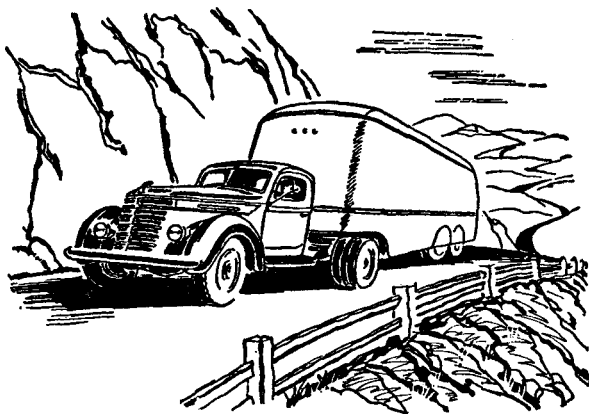
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Industry's Friend

THE INSURANCE COMPANIES

By Ralph Cherry



FEW PEOPLE realize the tremendous role played by insurance companies, since 1942, in the expansion and prosperity of our nation's economy. With assets totaling over 70 billion dollars, our insurance companies have funneled billions into thousands of business enterprises. In fact, industry has come to look to insurance money as a major source of financing.

It used to be that insurance companies invested strictly in gilt edge risks, choice real estate, or government, state, railroad and municipal bonds. Unfortunately, there were more insurance dollars than prime investments.

It used to be that industry relied heavily on bond issues for money. With the easing of laws permitting the insurance companies to diversify

their holdings, business turned more and more to the companies for ready cash.

Today, mention the company and chances are there is insurance money in it.

A fine example of money and imagination at work was when the Equitable Life Assurance Society had 19,000 freight cars built for stock-starved railroads which hadn't the cash to purchase these cars. Upon completion of the cars, they were rented to the railroads. The railroads benefited. The manufacturing companies benefited. Labor benefited. The whole economy benefited.

Another method used by the insurance companies to free tied-up capital is to buy the plant or property of firms and lease it back to them under long leases. This is referred to as purchase lease-back. Many chain stores and trucking fleets use this system. A pioneer in this form of enterprise was Sears, Roebuck and Company. A few others are W. T. Grant Company, Filene's Department Store, and the Canada Dry Ginger Ale Company. The list could fill a ream of sheets.

The insurance companies also build plants to order and rent them to the companies. The New York Life Insurance Company did it for the Continental Can Company at a cost of 12 million dollars. Today the insurance companies own close to a billion dollars in industrial and commercial property.

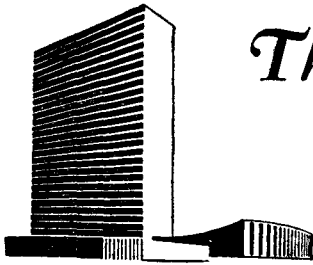
BEST KNOWN to the public are the great housing projects erected by the insurance companies. The New York Metropolitan Life Insurance Company was a pioneer in this field with its building, before World War II, of Parkchester, a city within a city. After the war, they built Stuyvesant Town and Peter Cooper Village in downtown New York. They erected Parklambrea in Los Angeles, Parkfairfax in Virginia, and Parkmerced in San Francisco.

Probably completely unknown to the public is that 80 percent of the money for the New Jersey Turnpike was advanced by American insurance companies, a staggering sum of \$220 million.

Name the business — crackers, steel, trucking, baby foods, housing — somewhere insurance dollars are in it.

To those who might suspect that the insurance companies are carelessly investing their policyholders' money, they can be assured that the companies are among the shrewdest investors in the land. Insurance companies are still strongly regulated by laws regarding investing. They cannot speculate at all with money.

Of course, there is always a risk in any type of investment, even gilt edge securities. For business, there is always an element of risk. But the insurance companies work on a calculated risk of investing in America's future.



The United Nations and Palestine

. BY FAYEZ A. SAYEGH

WHILE representatives of sixty member-states were recently busy celebrating the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the United Nations, public opinion, here and abroad, was still divided between advocates and adversaries of that organization.

The issue is debated less often *a priori* and in terms of the principles involved, than empirically and in terms of specific decisions and concrete actions.

In defense of the concept of international organization as such, as well as in vindication of the concrete institution in which that concept has recently been supremely incarnated, protagonists of the United Nations usually point to some of its noteworthy achievements. And it has become customary for such protagonists to assign a prominent place on their lists of celebrated United Nations accomplishments to

Son of a Palestinian Presbyterian minister who is now a refugee in Lebanon, Dr. Sayegh has taught at the American University of Beirut and at Yale, and is the author of The Palestine Refugees and Understanding the Arab Mind.

the role which that organization has played in the "solution" of the Palestine Problem.

The record of the United Nations in the Holy Land is thus loudly proclaimed as the shining example of the effectiveness of that body as an instrument for world peace and betterment. For example, Mr. Trygve Lie, the former Secretary-General, has often spoken of the partition of Palestine as "one of the most dramatic chapters of early United Nations history" and, in fact, "one of the epic events of history"; and has described himself as "proud of the United Nations' role in aiding the establishment of Israel." Accordingly, in his Annual Reports to the General Assembly, he at times listed the actions of the United Nations in connection with Palestine under such headings as "Progress Towards a More Peaceful World," and at other times asserted that they were among "the major decisions and acts of the United Nations . . . which have been or can be of constructive benefit to the world."

Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, the pres-

ent Secretary-General, has apparently made a somewhat more sober appraisal of the record of the United Nations in connection with Palestine, and has taken a less optimistic view of the prospects. He emphasizes, for example, that the problem is "still far from ultimate solution," and warns against the assumption that the peace-making task of the organization is "in any way fulfilled." Nevertheless, he, too, at times indulges in the habit of citing Palestine as "an example of how the United Nations exerted its influence toward the just and peaceful solution of a dangerous problem."

Since the United Nations is thus championed and defended by its advocates in terms of its accomplishments in Palestine, it is quite fitting that these accomplishments be carefully scrutinized. For, before it can be *validly* used to vindicate the world organization, the United Nations' record in Palestine must be proved to be authentically vindicative.

IT is well known that, more than any other, the Palestine Problem has been the subject of the United Nations' serious attention. If there has been one problem to which the United Nations has applied its efforts continuously for many years, if there has been one issue which the United Nations has given itself every chance to treat effectively and to "solve," it is Palestine. This contention is proved by the following facts:

The Palestine Problem has been debated and discussed by every "principal organ" of the United Nations, with the exception of the International Court of Justice. Thus, not only the General Assembly and the Security Council, but also the Economic and Social Council, the Trusteeship Council, and the Secretariat-General have dealt, at one time or another, with the problem.

From the moment it was initially confronted with the problem in 1947, the General Assembly has had it on its agenda at every "regular" session. The Assembly has also held two "special sessions" since its establishment — and both were devoted to the Palestine Problem. And the matter has been debated not only at the Assembly's plenary meetings, but also at the meetings of its First, Fifth, and *Ad Hoc* Committees (in which every member-state is represented), as well as the meetings of the General Committee.

The Trusteeship Council has held a special session on Palestine, besides dealing with the problem at its regular sessions.

As for the Security Council, statisticians will perhaps be interested in learning that, since it was first seized with the problem at its 222nd meeting, it has devoted 169 of its 479 meetings (i.e., over 35 percent of its meetings) to Palestine.

In addition to these "principal organs" and their subsidiary committees and subcommittees, over a dozen special bodies have been

established for the specific purpose of dealing with one facet of the problem or another, and at least four "specialized agencies" affiliated with the United Nations have participated in the work of those special bodies.

Finally, at least 70 resolutions have been adopted with respect to Palestine since 1947 by the "principal organs" alone — 29 by the General Assembly, 28 by the Security Council, 12 by the Trusteeship Council, and one by the Economic and Social Council.

Accordingly, in choosing its role in the "solution" of the Palestine Problem as our test-case for the fitness of the United Nations for settling international disputes and its effectiveness in promoting world peace, we are not making an arbitrary choice. For, in the first place, that problem is the one which has received more attention from the United Nations than any other; and, in the second place, it is in connection with that same problem that its "accomplishments" are pointed to with special pride by devotees of the organization.

THE ROLE of the United Nations in "solving" the Palestine Problem may be examined from the following four angles: (1) the manner in which the decisions were taken; (2) the legal validity of those decisions; (3) their inherent justice; and (4) their practical consequences.

The Manner in Which the Decisions Were Taken

The crucial decision of the United Nations with respect to Palestine was, of course, the Partition Resolution of November 29, 1947. Observers of back-stage maneuvers at the United Nations during the fateful days immediately preceding the adoption of the resolution undoubtedly recall the pressures which were brought to bear on certain delegations (and on their capitals), and which succeeded in a few days in carrying through the plenary meeting a resolution which had failed in a committee vote a few days earlier to get the approval of two-thirds of the voting members.

The story of these pressures is very well known. Many a page of the *Diaries* of the late James Forrestal reveals the magnitude of the illicit pressure brought to bear on weaker countries, to say nothing of the pressure to which responsible members of the American government were subjected, to support partition. For example, according to Mr. Forrestal, Mr. Lovett reported at a Cabinet lunch held on December 1, 1947, that "he had never in his life been subject to as much pressure as he had been in the three days beginning Thursday morning and ending Saturday night." Forrestal observed that the methods used "to bring coercion and duress on other nations in the General Assembly" had "bordered closely onto scandal."

In an essay, aptly entitled "The Partition of Palestine: A Lesson in Pressure Politics," Mr. Kermit Roosevelt describes the pressures exerted on delegates of smaller countries who had in their hands the decisive vote for or against partition, and the resultant progress from a straw vote of 24 for and 16 against, on November 22, to a committee vote of 25 to 13, on November 26; and then to the final vote in plenary, on November 29, where the resolution was adopted by a majority of 33 to 13. "Personal suasion, floods of telegrams and letters, and political and economic pressure," according to Mr. Roosevelt's report, were focused on six small countries which had already indicated their intention of voting against partition; and all except Greece "were either won to voting for partition or persuaded to abstain."

Mr. Roosevelt goes on to observe: "What happened at the United Nations was a repeat performance of what had already happened in the United States. Using the same methods that had been so successful here, and having the United States Government to assist in their use there, the Zionists succeeded in getting what they wanted."

The impression one gets of the subservience of delegations to such pressures is incompatible with the inspiring picture of a world organization capable of pondering grave international problems, examining

them on their own merits, and arriving at judicious, equitable and practicable solutions thereto. On the contrary, that impression is suggestive of a body subject to the bargaining and intimidation of high-pressure lobbyists. Of course, only a cynic will argue that that was the intention of the statesmen who met at San Francisco ten years ago and drafted the Charter.

But one must be incredibly naïve or grossly misinformed to maintain that the high purposes of the Charter, or the noble human sentiments which they echoed, were sufficient in themselves to ensure that the organization as a concrete body would — or that it actually did — faithfully reflect in every issue and at every turn the hopes and sentiments articulated at San Francisco and translated there into institutions and legal provisions.

Legality of the Decisions

The question of the legality or illegality of the United Nations' decisions with respect to Palestine was raised by delegates and jurists on more than one occasion, even prior to the formal adoption of the resolution of November 29, 1947. Those delegates who raised the question expressed their doubt that the General Assembly, or any other organ of the United Nations, was empowered by the Charter to decree such a "solution" as was then contemplated; and they suggested that the question of competence be sub-

mitted to the International Court of Justice before voting on the substance of the resolution.

Despite the provisions of Article 96 of the Charter and of Chapter IV of the Statute of the International Court of Justice, however, the doubts were ignored and the pleas rejected. The question of competence was summarily decided upon by the very organ whose competence was contested — a responsible international body thus complacently assuming for itself the role of arbiter over its own terms of reference and authority, even when grave doubts about its authority in a specific issue had been openly raised and formally announced by some of its own members, and even when provisions for judicious and authoritative ruling on the matter had been included in its basic charter.

Inherent Justice of the Decisions

A decision affecting the very fate of a people, abrogating its inalienable right to self-determination, denying it the right to self-governing institutions in its own homeland, cannot be discussed without some reference to moral principles and values. The cynic and the pseudo-realist may dismiss all questions of right or wrong, of justice or injustice, as irrelevant to the course of international relations or the conduct of political organizations.

But the entire concept of orderly and civilized behavior, particularly as it evolved within the traditions

of the West, is fatally undermined if it is placed on an *amoral* level, from which moral considerations are expelled and on which moral criteria are looked upon as alien or inapplicable.

Entirely apart from the manner in which the United Nations' decisions relating to Palestine were arrived at, and even apart from their legality or illegality, the degree to which they conformed to the moral standards of civilized human life is decidedly one of their essential features and one of the most pertinent yardsticks by which they must be measured.

The people of Palestine, who had occupied that land since time immemorial, were never consulted by the United Nations, prior to — or since — the adoption of the Partition Resolution. Nor was the United Nations lacking in authoritative information about their categorical rejection of partition. Partition thus was literally *imposed* on the legal inhabitants and rightful owners of Palestine, in utter disregard of the elemental principles of democracy and self-determination.

The Arab inhabitants of Palestine had, at the close of World War I, constituted 95 percent of the population and owned over 99 percent of the land of that country. They had resisted for 30 years the British attempt to establish a Jewish national home in their country, but had nevertheless witnessed in the meantime the growth of the Jewish

community into about one-third of the population owning about 7 per cent of the land, thanks to British support of Zionism. Then, in 1947, they were suddenly told by the United Nations that their country was to be arbitrarily divided into a mosaic of parcels, designed to constitute a Jewish State, an Arab State, and an International Zone, bound by an economic union.

And this injustice was visited upon them not by a tyrannical ruler indifferent to moral considerations, nor by an imperialistic power thirsty for expansion, but by an international organization born out of the woes of war and human suffering, sworn to the hallowed objective of "saving mankind from the scourge of war," and dedicated to the noblest goals of mankind: "to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights . . . in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small; . . . to establish conditions under which justice . . . can be maintained; . . . and . . . to develop friendly relations among nations based on respect for the principle of equal rights and self-determination of peoples."

Practical Consequences of the Decisions

The General Assembly, in formulating its crucial decision on Palestine, failed to specify the methods and provide the means necessary for enforcing that decision. By ignoring entirely the practical question of

enforcement, the General Assembly left the door wide open to a situation in which the decision was only partially enforced, and in which injustice and confusion were consequently compounded. This practical aspect of the question merits special examination, to which we shall now turn.

IN THE LIGHT of the foregoing observations, it seems obvious that, when they point with pride to the organization's role in "solving" the Palestine Problem and cite it as an illustration of its effectiveness and worth, what the devotees of the United Nations have in mind is *neither* the manner in which its crucial decisions concerning Palestine were arrived at, *nor* the dubious legality or patent injustice of those decisions. Certainly it is not the carelessness displayed in the failure to provide for methods and means of enforcing them.

Clearly, what they have in mind is the sheer pragmatic "success" of the United Nations in getting something done about a situation which Britain had despaired of and thrown in the lap of the world body. This alleged "success" of the United Nations, however, must be carefully examined, in the light of its most important consequences.

Consequences Affecting the Arabs of Palestine

All but 175,000 of the Arab inhabitants of the territories now oc-

cupied by Israel have been expelled from their homes and lands, by terrorization and intimidation. They have been living for the last seven years in tents and barracks and temporary encampments, sustained by meager international charity, denied by Israel access to their homes and properties, in defiance of repeated United Nations injunctions that they be repatriated.

Those Arabs who stayed in their homes despite systematic Zionist terrorization have been reduced to "second-class citizens" by the Israeli authorities. They are denied basic human rights. They are prevented from traveling from city to city, indeed from village to village in the same area, without special permits issued by the military governors of their districts. They are denied equality of wages for equal work. They are subjected to arbitrary confiscation of their lands. They are discriminated against in every way, in law as well as in fact.

Thus, setting out to alleviate the plight of some Jewish communities in Europe and elsewhere, the United Nations — by its actions and more so by its inaction — has in fact "succeeded" in creating a quantitatively and qualitatively graver problem: the problem of the Arabs of Palestine, over one million of whom are now destitute, homeless refugees, and some 175,000 of whom are today an under-privileged and down-trodden minority in the State of Israel.

Consequences Affecting the Authority of the United Nations Itself

Created though it was by the United Nations, Israel, in the course of the few years which have elapsed since its birth, has constantly displayed calculated defiance to the collective will of its mother-organization, in a manner which menaces the prestige and undermines the authority of the world body.

Contrary to the provisions of the Partition Resolution and of half a dozen subsequent resolutions, Israel has prevented the internationalization of Jerusalem, has occupied territories beyond its prescribed frontiers, has refused to permit the repatriation of the refugees, and has subjected the Arabs under its control to multiple discriminatory measures and laws.

Israel has also been specifically censured and condemned by United Nations "principal organs" on several occasions: by the Trusteeship Council, at its second special session, for moving its ministries to Jerusalem; and by the Security Council, on May 18, 1951, November 24, 1953, and March 29, 1955, for its raids on Hammah in Syria, Qibya in Jordan, and Gaza in Egyptian-held territory, respectively.

The Mixed Armistice Commissions in the field have also condemned Israel at least 20 times for the organized raids which its regular armed forces have launched on the

territories of the adjacent Arab States. (According to the records of the Security Council, no Arab State has been found guilty of having organized and launched an attack by its regular armed forces on Israeli-held territory.)

The successive Chiefs-of-Staff of the United Nations Truce Supervision Organization in Palestine have repeatedly reported to the Security Council instances of obstruction by Israeli officials of the investigative work of United Nations observers, and threats on their lives made to such observers.

Finally, reference must be made to the assassination, by Israeli citizens, of the late Count Folke Bernadotte, then United Nations Mediator on Palestine, and his aide, Colonel André Serot.

Consequences Affecting Peace in the Middle East

The first words of the Preamble of the United Nations Charter express the determination "to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind"; and the first paragraph of Article 1 of the Charter proclaims that the purpose of the organization is "to maintain international peace and security." It is only reasonable, therefore, to expect that the major decisions — if not all decisions — of the United Nations reflect this pacific purpose and promote international peace.

Even the casual reader of the daily press, however, knows that peace has not come closer to the troubled area of Palestine as a result of the intervention of the United Nations. Besides incidental clashes and individual crossings of frontiers with hostile intent, there have been over a score of organized military attacks launched by the regular armed forces of Israel on territories held by the neighboring Arab States since the signing of the Armistice Agreements in 1949.

Real peace is still far from the scene. Profound hatred prevails on both sides of the present temporary frontiers. On the one hand, the *fait accompli* created in consequence of Partition is no less unacceptable today to the dispersed and homeless Arabs of Palestine than it was when the resolution was adopted by the General Assembly, in subservience to illicit pressures, on November 29, 1947. On the other hand, Israel, emboldened by one-sidedness and inaction on the part of the United Nations, has shown no indication of having abandoned the 60-year-old ambitions of Zionism to bring under its control the whole Arab area designated by Zionists as "Eretz Israel." In fact, there are recent indications that the militarists, extremists, and terrorists in Israel, bent on the forcible and immediate realization of these ambitions, are steadily gaining ascendancy in the policy-making circles of the government.

As for *formal* peace, the respective attitudes of the two parties are still as far apart as they were when the Armistice Agreements were signed six years ago. Israel declares that it wants a "peace treaty" — but its leaders candidly proclaim that they are adamant against surrendering any of the assets which Israel has gained in excess of what was given to it by the United Nations in the Partition Resolution. The Arab States insist that no peace-treaty will be signed, in fact that no negotiations towards such a treaty will be conducted, before the compliance of Israel with the provisions of the standing resolutions of the United Nations is assured.

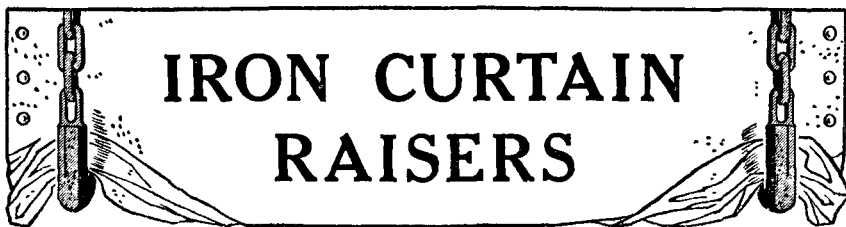
Peace, therefore, formal as well as real, is still as far away from the Holy Land today as — if not indeed much farther than — it was when the United Nations decided to in-

tervene in Palestine 8 years ago.

FROM any angle it may be approached and viewed, the role of the United Nations in Palestine is far from vindicating that organization or attesting to its effectiveness and worth.

Instead of indulging in wild and groundless assertions about the contributions of the United Nations to the peaceful and just "solution" of the Palestine Problem, it behooves zealous devotees of that body either to exert all their efforts and devote their best energies to the application of real statesmanship and integrity and wisdom and courage to the handling of the Palestine Problem in the councils of the nations, or, failing that, at least to seek some *other* illustration of what they choose to describe as the United Nations' "success" and "promise."





IRON CURTAIN RAISERS

► They took a blood count to see what is wrong with the world — too many Red cells.

► “Suppose the Russians decide to leave one day,” a Czechoslovakian said during a call on the Communist mayor of his village. “What will you do?”

Boasted the mayor, “The glorious Red Army will never leave Czechoslovakia. But if they ever did, I’d just put on my hat and . . .”

Growled the Czechoslovakian, “Put your hat on? On what?”

► A housewife in the Soviet zone of Berlin glanced at the bakery window and said to the baker who stood at the door, “I’m so glad to see you’re making the rolls a little larger again, Mr. Schmitt.”

“They’re not rolls,” replied the baker dryly, “They’re loaves.”

► A Soviet factory manager was telling a visitor from abroad that his plant was way ahead of production. “What do you manufacture?” he was asked.

“Oh,” was the reply, “we make signs reading, ‘Elevator Not Running.’”

► Three men in a Soviet labor camp were discussing prisons in different countries. One man, a penologist, began to describe American prisons. “Stop, stop!” cried one of the Soviet slave camp inmates. “You make my mouth water.”

► Berliners are getting a chuckle out of signs put up by the Soviets on their side of intersections, where their zone meets those of the Western powers. The signs read: “You are now leaving the democratic sector of Berlin.”

► Marshal Bulganin likes to go duck-hunting. But he does not aim at just any duck. He shoots only at those whom he suspects of having broken formation — thus having deviated from the Party line. — PAUL STEINER



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